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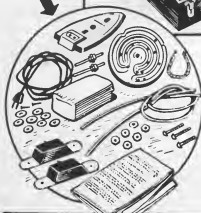
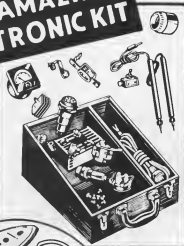


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H-CUES



• Milder Booze

We have long harbored the depressing suspicion that many men who drink actually hate the taste of the stuff. They're more interested in the results than the flavor. Our suspicions were confirmed by our Friendly Grog Shop Keeper the other day when he relayed the sad tidings that milder booze is definitely coming to America's thirsty.

The whole trend toward "lighter" Scotches and "softer" ryes started with the success of vodka—a colorless, tasteless, and (to some people) a joltless liquor. Many serious drinkers once favored 100-proof vodka; now almost everyone buys 80 proof. (The proof is twice the amount of alcohol in the liquor.) In days gone by a man proudly stepped up to a bar and gulped down a dram of 100-proof rye or bourbon without wincing. Today the most popular blends are 86 proof and going down. You'll find 80-proof ryes and bourbons on your liquor store shelves shortly.

But this isn't the worst of it; Scotch importers are also adopting the "lighter, milder, blander" pitch. Apparently many Scotch drinkers just don't like those heavy, dark blends with the characteristic Scotch flavor—the fools! So, because Americans consume 60 per cent of all Scotch whisky exported, the makers are lightening their product, cutting the alcoholic content, and shipping it over in bulk to be bottled in the U.S.

It's already come to the point where you must buy an imported beer to get a decently flavorful brew. Now, it appears, you may have to pay a premium price to obtain a properly smoky and powerful Scotch.

We hereby solemnly warn the liquor industry: If you tamper with Jack Daniels—beware!

• Saddest Story Of The Year

Have you heard the definition of a "three-time loser" that's making the rounds? A three-time loser is a pregnant prostitute driving an Edsel with a Nixon sticker on it.

• The Little Horse

If you're yearning for a status symbol that will put you one up on that bore next door who illuminates his patio with gaslight, consider the bidet. For those of you who forget your Beginning French, it's pronounced bee-day, with accent on the second syllable.

The bidet is . . . well, it resembles a toilet sans seat. It was invented in France (where else?) to lave the irritated portions of a chevalier's anatomy after a hard day in the saddle. The French, to this day, call the bidet "the little horse." Now, of course, it's used by women as much as or more than men, and it even serves double duty as a cuspidor or footbath.

Most Americans caught their first glimpse of a bidet in a Paris hotel bathroom—and used it too chill a bottle of bubbly or perhaps to soak their Louvre-weary feet. In the U.S. bidets have been slow to catch on—but in the past year the bidet business has been booming. The Crane Co., the plumbing fixture manufacturers, are very bullish on bidets and make two models, one in white and one in color. Price? About \$135. Crane feels the bidet is going to be a big seller in the bathroom fixture market. After all, how many bathtubs can the average family buy?

There's another U.S. company that makes a bidet that shoots up a vertical jet of cold water. It has a fancy name—but it's known to the factory workers as "The Yikes!"

• How Neat Can You Get?

And now, A Fable For Our Times . . .

Two young bachelors of San Francisco were Firm Friends but totally different personalities. Joe was light-hearted, carefree, dissolute, romantic, and a Startling Success with women. Friend Tom was conservative, cautious, and compulsively neat—with an apartment that was a Horrible Example of bachelor fussiness. And Tom Just Never Made It with women.

Said Tom to Joe one day: "How do you do it? I take women out, I spend money on them, I give them a good time. And if I get a good-night kiss, I'm lucky. What, Joe, is the Secret of Your Success?"

Said Joe with a small, modest smile: "It's all a question of mood and rhythm. You take a woman out, get plenty of good food and wine into her. You bring her back to your apartment. You have champagne and candlelight waiting.

You put a dreamy glow on the hi-fi. You each have a glass of champagne. You speak to her in a low voice. You look deep into her eyes. You have another glass of champagne. And then, Sensing the Right Moment, you begin to waltz with her. You waltz her around the room to the dreamy music. And then you waltz her right into the bedroom. That's it. Mood and timing, it's all mood and timing. Let me know how you make out."

Two weeks later the friends met again, and Joe eagerly questioned Tom who shook his head dolefully. "I did everything you said," the neat one reported. "I dated this beautiful girl, and I filled her with roast beef and good red wine. I took her up to my place and had champagne and candlelight waiting. I put a waltz on the hi-fi. I started dancing with her. I waltzed her around and around, and then into the bedroom. Everything looked great."

"And then?" Joe gasped.

Tom shrugged. "While I was putting shoe-trees in my shoes, she walked out."

• Vanished Splendor

Those of you who were fortunate enough to have visited Havana, Cuba, B.C. (Before Castro) will, we are certain, approve of the statement that for the bachelor, Cuba of that period was Paradise On Earth. The rum, the women, the fishing, the women, the gambling, the women—there was everything a man could want, and all a great deal closer than Paris. We recalled it fondly the other day when a drinking companion related a "Cuba story" we hadn't heard before.

It seems that in those dear, departed days a young American bachelor descended on the Hotel Nacional for a short stay. Needing a washcloth, he visited a local drugstore and asked the clerk in very halting Spanish if he could purchase a cloth with which to wash, a cloth to soap and scrub oneself with, a bathcloth in other words.

The clerk replied in perfect English, and eagerly: "I'm sorry, señor, we do not carry washcloths. But how would you like a nice sixteen-year-old girl?"

That's what Havana was like in those days. And we'd be a hypocrite if we said we didn't regret its passing.

• Big Business

Any time you imagine the hard-driving, loud-talking, I-can-outwork-any-man-in-the-place business executive is obsolete in American industry, just talk to the employees of a midwestern corporation that is one of the nation's largest producers of machine tools.

The boss of this company is an SOB-On-Wheels—and glories in it. His drunks and his rages are legendary—as

his record of always showing a profit since he started the company 34 years ago. It's strictly a one-man operation, despite the fact that it's listed on the stock exchange and employs almost 5000 workers. Mr. SOB is everywhere—checking inventory, getting drunk with customers, talking to reporters, and blowing his stack when too many paper clips are used by the office staff. To tell you the truth, the employees take a secret delight in their boss' antics. In these days of computerized decisions, public relations, and rule by committee, it's rather a lark to have a red-faced, profane, hard-driving boss who insists on complete authority—but is willing to take complete responsibility.

About two months ago this Terrible-Tempered Mr. Bangs was making one of his periodic whirlwind inspections through the company's largest factory. He ducked down a corridor, a shortcut to the side exit, and found a man in overalls sitting on the outside steps, smoking a cigarette. Everyone else in the factory was making certain he was turning out machine tools like mad while the boss was around.

Mr. SOB stared at the lounging worker while the red in his face turned slowly to a deep purple.

"How much do you make a week?" he barked at the surprised chap.

"I make about \$75," the reclining one said.

"You come with me," the boss, belated. He took the worker up to the payroll department and had them give the fellow \$150 in cash. "There's your two weeks pay," he grated. "Now get the hell out of my factory. You're through!" And he turned on his heel and stalked away.

The worker counted the \$150 slowly and tucked it into his billfold.

"Nice fellow," he remarked thoughtfully to the paymaster. "But I don't know what got him all riled like that. I just came around to fill the Coke machine."

• Detroit Goes To The Races

Those of you who own sports cars—or wish you did—or those of you interested in auto racing, should be aware of the new winds blowing from Detroit. Briefly, the Detroit auto companies have gone performance happy, and within a year you'll probably see a whole new breed of cars coming out of The Motor Capital, designed with races and rallies in mind.

As you probably know, back in 1957 most of the big auto companies agreed to play down car performance, horsepower, and speed in their advertisements. They also agreed not to enter factory teams in any of America's racing circuits.

This "agreement" lasted until the ink was dry on the statement, and then the factories renewed their racing activities, bankrolling independent drivers and teams, supplying special equipment and the cars to use it.

Then, early in 1963, Ford announced their intention of getting into racing activities with all four wheels. They won a lot of stock car races and, by combining a Ford engine with a Lotus car, took second place at Indianapolis. The resulting publicity did Ford sales no harm at all, and now it appears several other Detroit companies will be entering races and developing special engines and cars for rallies both here and abroad. The situation is becoming similar to that in Europe where a honorable racing record is considered a necessity if an auto company expects to sell many cars.

What does all this mean to you? If our spies in Detroit have done their cloak-and-dagger work well, it means a 400-hp Ford racing engine by the end of '63. It also means a Ford sports car by Spring of '64, closely followed by Dodge and Plymouth and Pontiac ditto. These will be true sports cars, capable of competing in races and rallies. Meanwhile, lessons learned at Daytona, Bonneville, and in the big European rallies will mean changes in Detroit's stock sedans, including more powerful engines, better suspension, disc brakes perhaps, better bucket seats, and seat belts standard on all cars.

It also means that Ford will be back at Indianapolis next year—and no one will be surprised if Chevy, Plymouth, and a few others show up also. That should be a race worth watching!

• Rule Britannia

Heard a story the other day that seems a perfect illustration of the British national character and reputation of imperturbable "unflapability".

Seems an American tourist, bachelor-type, goes into a London movie house and takes a seat in the darkness next to a young Englishwoman. As bachelor-types will, he lets his hand fall to his side and lightly touches her knee. No reaction. She continues to watch the screen. He strokes her knee lightly. No reaction. His fingers creep a little farther and he touches above her stocking. No reaction. He pulls up her skirt. She continues to watch the movie. He slides one arm across her shoulders. Nothing. He caresses the back of her neck. No response.

Finally, carried away, he grabs her into his arms and rolls over on top of her.

She looks up at him and says, "I say, you are a fidget, aren't you!"

Never happens that way in Paris! *Bon chance!*

—The Baron



MORE HAS BEEN written, perhaps, about *Cleopatra* than about any film in the history of motion pictures. I suspect that considerably less newsprint has been used to cover some wars. But then we *homo sapiens* have always been fascinated with the boudoir habits of our fellows.

Unfortunately, the attention paid to the production difficulties, the mushrooming budgetary problems, the corporate troubles of Spyros Skouras, the inter-ecine warfare between producer Walter Wanger and production chief Peter Levathes, the change in directors, the sets constructed and not used, the illnesses of Elizabeth Taylor, the script changes, the rains in England, not to mention the public carryings-on of Miss Taylor and Richard Burton, and the attendant denials, explanations, suppositions, excuses and apparent affirmations, have all tended to color or obscure and/or blur what occurs on screen.

How sad that we as a people must overemphasize the sensational, especially be it of a sexual nature, at the expense of all else. There are those around who would ascribe this solely to Americans, but if *Cleopatra* does anything it proves how false this is; eyes and ears, not to mention libidos, were focused tightly on the goings-on in Rome amongst people everywhere.

How sad that we cannot enjoy (or reject) an artist without seeking titillation from his or her private life. But then this is the gossip column syndrome and if we have our Kilgallen's, the Italians own the *paparazzi* and the English can point with no pride whatsoever to their own muckraking popular press. Scandal sells papers and provides some element of excitement in otherwise drab and uninteresting lives.

Reading about *Cleopatra* provides an illuminating insight into the standards, values and judgments of those

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...concerned with the making of the film, insofar as their own art is concerned. For example, Walter Wanger, an experienced veteran movie producer talks in his book, "My Life With Cleopatra," of making the best film ever shot. After the first hour of this ponderous Nile flatboat one knows for sure that Mr. Wanger knows not of whence he speaks. He talks of Miss Taylor in terms of authentic dramatic greatness—he should live so long!

Again in a collection of letters and telegrams exchanged by a team of press agents who labored publicizing the picture. (All they had to do was get out of the way; Taylor and Burton could give classes in how to monopolize the front pages.) We read of greatness in writing, directing and acting. None of this greatness is ever seen on the screen, with the possible exception of the performance given by Rex Harrison, the most unheralded member of the starring triumvirate. He brings strength, wit, intelligence, personality and variety to his work, giving acting lessons to those of smaller talents at the same time. It is hoped they will learn.

Elizabeth Taylor in the title role is impersonating one of the world's most captivating and powerful women. Now being overweight is no crime, for the girl next door. But short, fat Cleopatras somehow do little to captivate. An actress such as Miss Taylor who plays leading parts in films, implicitly lays claim to great beauty, but second and third chins and fleshy shoulders do nothing to propagate the image. Her shrill, seemingly uncontrollable voice also does nothing for the illusion. Looking at Elizabeth Taylor in this picture I kept seeing Vivien Leigh in the film version of Shaw's *Caesar and Cleopatra*. I resent Miss Taylor for not making me see only her. It is her responsibility as a performer and my right as a patron.

Richard Burton is undoubtedly one of the world's fine actors, but he never has a chance here. To begin, his role as Anthony is ineptly drawn. Add to this the fact that Anthony is a pale carbon of his hero, Caesar, and you get a flat, somewhat angry man railing at the stars ineffectually for a couple of hours.

Cleopatra is too long, too expensive, too slow to unwind, too pretentious, too large in effort and too small in achievement.

In short, it's a bore.

Women of the World—Italian film director Gualtiero Jacopetti has a sharp eye for ugliness. Wherever he looks he manages to see it, especially in the shadow of a dollar sign. *Mondo Cane* was his last effort in this direction, and

it surely was a dog's world as viewed by his camera. Now he has shown the ladies of the world at their worst. He has managed by reason of some assiduous assembling of cutting room dappings to put together this film about women of varying sizes, shapes and temperaments. He has clinically studied their professional lives, never neglecting the anatomical, a box-office detail of obvious importance to him. *Women of the World* includes among its appealing charms such tidbits as: a close look at the overblown whores of Hamburg's redlight district, a visit to a lady priest in Stockholm, an operation in which breasts are enlarged with liquid paraffin, a view of an operation in which Japanese eyes are reshaped to Caucasian, a seat close by the grave markers while a bevy of Australian widows play bowls beside their husbands' graves, a camera study in a false factory, an appetizing view of faces being skinned, and, of course, the birth of a baby. This blatant, cheaply sexual stew is concocted of maggots meat and rotting vegetables, a boring mixture that tells us more about the chef's values than it does about the women of this world.

My Hobo—The Japanese have come up with a modern satire in this one, and director-writer Zengo Matsuyama seems to be having fun with it from start to finish, including the somewhat too whimsical opening credits. This is the uninhibited tale of Junpei, an educated free soul who decides that our "productive" contemporary world is not for him. He will live by his wits, and the 80,000 yen which lie next to his belly.

Junpei dons the hobo's habit, hooks a jar of his favorite soy sauce to his belt, and bums his way around Nippon. But Junpei is no ordinary hobo; he holds his hand out at only the best places. In Junpei's jaundiced eye, those less fortunate "work hard and eat poor." Then Junpei takes on the responsibility of two orphans in distress. He takes them with him on his travels.

Junpei's adventures include eating fish that acts as an aphrodisiac and sends him staggering to the nearest burlesque where the stripper displays her charms by ripping column after column off a newspaper she wears as the customers shout, "Tear!" Naturally, romance comes to Junpei in the person of a pretty girl, claiming to be a Hiroshima maiden and thus evoking sympathy with cash by selling pencils for twenty times their worth.

The film slaps the wrists of the U.S. and Russia for daring to even contemplate war, of Japan for displaying the

(continued on page 68)

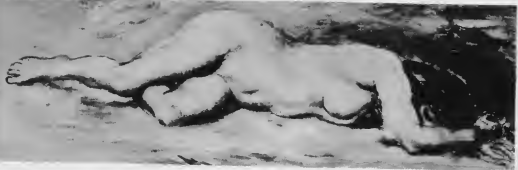


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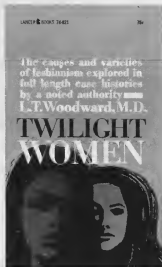
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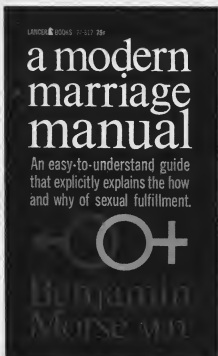
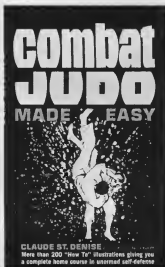
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THE

I CAN'T GET Lee Ross on the phone. I just tried again for about the fifteenth time, and it came back no answer. In the Village you don't let it ring long because the person you are calling is about three feet away from the phone, usually, and unless she is making love or on the john, she can get to it quickly. But Lee Ross doesn't answer and it's too bad because I want her to come over here and take the bath I promised her last night, the night I met her.

I was taking a walk along Seventh,

going to find a Sunday paper—it was Saturday night—and pick up one or two things at the delicatessen, and I came to the corner there in front of Jack Delaney's and let out a big yawn. I wasn't tired, just languidly happy, because the painting had gone well and because the just married couple next door had been balling most of the day; I could hear the bedstead thumping through the plaster and stucco walls of my old building and I got a vicarious charge out of it.

Yes, Virginia, you can hear them in

TUB

by JOHN F. MURRAY

the old buildings, too.

Well, Lee Ross picked that moment to come around the corner into Seventh and saw my yawning mouth and smiled quickly, but kept right on going. I stopped and turned around, because you don't often get a smile from an attractive girl that late at night on Seventh in the Village, unless it's a hooker, and this was no hooker. I thought she might stop or at least slow down but she kept right on going up towards the Limelight, and I turned and went and got my paper—the *Newark Star-Ledger* in those days. Then I went back the way I had come, hoping maybe to catch up to her, but I didn't have to, because as I passed the Limelight she came out and stood in the doorway for a moment. She looked at me and I yawned at her again and she smiled again and came right over to me and fell into step. "I thought I saw my husband in there," she said.

"You're looking for your husband?"

"My ex-husband," she said in a voice I can only describe as tough husky. "The son of a bitch owes me money."

She reminded me of a good-looking Nancy Walker. She came up to about my shoulders; she had long black hair, a cloth coat and the black leotards all the chicks wear down here, with black boots when it snows or rains. I said, "Why don't you leave the poor son of a bitch alone for one night and come help me read my paper?"

"Has it got 'Peanuts'?"

"No, it doesn't have any funnies."

"To hell with it then."

We walked down to Bleecker and over toward Sixth. "I ought to stop in there and pick up a couple of things," I said as we passed a delicatessen.

"Don't go in there," she said. "They cheat. There's a place on Sixth. I need something too."

"You want to get a beer first or go drink coffee?" I said, giving her the choice.

"Beer. I hate coffee houses."

"Why?"

"Never mind why."

So I left it at that and asked her what her name was. When she told me it was Lee Ross, I told her that was a pretty name, but when I said my name was Frank Remsen, she said, "That's an awful name."

"Thanks a lot," I said.

"What else do they call you?"

"Flip," I said.

"Flip. That's better. Because you flip?"

"Flipped," I said.

"Oh, good, you can tell me all about it."

"You probably wouldn't be interested," I said, when we were settled in the rear room of the beer joint.

"What would you like to drink?"

"Daiquiri," she said to a big guy with banged-up ears.

"You had dinner?" I said.

"Sure. And I've had two daiquiris and I want another daiquiri."

"A daiquiri and a beer," I said to the man. "Draft, if you have it."

"No draft after nine," he said.

"Why?" I said.

"House rule. Guys come in here, they sit at the bar readin' a book all night over one glass of beer. The boss don't like it." He shrugged. "So whaddya gonna do? I can't blame the boss. You don't make no money that way."

"Okay," I said. "I'll have a Ballantine ale. And a daiquiri for the lady."

He went away and Lee said, "He looks like a storm trooper."

"He looks like Mr. Clean."

"I hate Germans," she said.

"You hate a lot of things, don't you?"

"Not everything. Tell me why you flipped."

"Why do you hate coffee houses?"

"Tell me first why you flipped."

"Well, I paint, see, and I used to paint very badly, and then one day I painted just the way I wanted to paint—the picture came out just the way I wanted it to come out. It had never happened to me before. Well, instead of going out and celebrating like a normal human being, I got very depressed and went and bought a couple of bottles and holed up in my room for five days. Not eating, just drinking. Trying to kill myself, I guess. Then I went out and walked the streets with just a pair of pants and an overcoat and shoes on, looking like hell, and tried to cadge drinks in bars, but they wouldn't serve me because I was broke and looked like a bum. So I went to this girl's place and she took care of me for a couple of days and called the doctor and I ended up in Bellevue."

"I still don't understand why you flipped."

"Alright, look at it this way. A painter, before he sits down to paint a picture, has this image in his mind's eye of just how the painting ought to come out. He almost never achieves that image in the finished product." She still looked blank so I said, "Look, it's a little bit like a speaker, you know, the speech you planned to make as opposed to the one you actually make. Or an actor, for that matter."

"Well, now I understand you better," she said.

"I just happened to hit it right on the nose. It was some kind of psychological breakthrough I went through. A lot of people can handle it, but nuts like me flip in one way or another. One doctor described it to me as the superego making its last stand over the ego."

"Oh, God, don't give me that," she said.

"You're familiar with that sort of thing?"

"Jesus, yes, and don't give it to me."

"Alright, but I've been painting fine ever since then and I've had a couple of shows, and anyway, you asked me why I flipped and I told you."

"I'm a comedienne," she said.

"You're an actress?"

"A comedienne," she repeated. I laughed. "What's so funny?" she said.

"Well, it's just that you're so sore at everything."

"I'm out of work."

"I'm not surprised. You're in a business that's almost as bad as trying to make a living playing the piano."

"Or painting," she said.

"Yes, or painting."

"What do you do for bread?" she said.

"I work uptown in an ad agency."

She asked me which one I told her. "I know that place. I have a friend who did some television commercials for them. Maybe I should get a job there as a receptionist."

"Or do a commercial for them."

"I work in a jewelry store three days a week. On Macdougal Street with two Negro girls who drink Scotch in their coffee all day. I like it but it's not enough money."

"You'd hate being a receptionist," I said.

"And I suppose I wouldn't be able to wear these things uptown anyway, would I?" she said, lifting a knee so I could see the leotard above the table.

"Oh, hell yes," I said. "A lot of girls wear those uptown. Especially in this weather. I was in love once with a girl who came to work in ski pants one snowy morning."

"What happened to her?"

"We went skiing one weekend and she fell in love with a ski instructor. She went back up there every weekend to see him and a few weeks later she got pregnant by him and married him."

"Oh."

"So I chase the uncatchables, too."

"What do you mean, 'too'?" she said.

"You've got it bad for somebody and you can't have him, can you?"

(continued on page 39)





Author with one of his clients, oil-rich sheik Ismail.

"I BUY BRIDES FOR ARAB SHEIKS"

by TREVOR L. M. MAYNARD

It may seem incredible, but hundreds of

THE UNUSUAL advertisement shown on the opposite page caused much comment and conjecture when it first appeared in the classified columns of a national newspaper a few weeks ago. Many readers wondered if it was a gag, a Hollywood publicity stunt or some kind of come-on sucker gimmick.

Believe me, it was none of those things. I know, because I am the man who placed the ad. I am the authorized representative for several sheiks and I have placed many such advertisements in the newspapers of a dozen countries during the last several years.

It's all part of my business as a buying agent—as a large-scale buyer of European and North and South American brides for oil-rich Arabian sheiks.

"You can't be serious—you must be joking!" is the reaction I generally get from people when I tell them what I do for a living.

But I'm completely serious; and a business that nets me more than \$35,000 a year—free and clear after all my globe-trotting expenses are paid—can hardly be considered a joke by anyone!

In the seven years since I first went into the bride-buying business in 1956, I have "bought" over one hundred—117, to be exact—beautiful girls and women on the wide-open marriage markets of the Western World.

My fee is ten percent of the sum the buyer pays his chosen bride as a marriage settlement. That ten percent runs between \$5,000 and \$10,000 a crack. Anyone with a pencil and a scrap of paper can figure up roughly what I have grossed, and at the same time see the kind of prices my Middle Eastern clients are ready, willing and eager to pay to add a Western bride to their harem collections.

"Do you actually mean to say that Western women are willing to become harem inmates merely for money?" countless astounded individuals have asked me.

The answer to that is—are you kidding?

The advertisement reproduced on these pages brought replies from more than 300 avid applicants within 72 hours after it was first published. Within a week, the postman had brought over a thousand replies and the end was still not in sight.

"It's pretty much the same story whenever—and wherever—I place one of my advertisements. I invariably receive a flood of replies, and I could easily fill a hundred times as many bride-buying orders as I have on my books.

Needless to say, I get all kinds of letters—and the following are excerpts from some entirely typical specimens.

First of all, there is the reply from the essentially romantic female:

"Dear Boxholder,

"I am 22, blonde and blue-eyed. My measurements are 38-26-38. I have always dreamed of marrying an Arab sheik and living with him in the desert . . ."

Then there are the letters from less romantic and more mercenary babes:

"Dear Sir:

"If one of your clients is looking for a curvaceous, 23-year-old redhead—and is willing to put \$50,000 into the bank in my name—I'm just the girl he's looking for . . ."

Then again, there are the dames who use high-pressure, hard-sell sex techniques in an effort to get in on the gravy:

"Dear Advertiser:

"I have enclosed several photographs of myself in the nude. You can tell your customers that I have everything it takes—"

young women sell themselves as brides into Arabian harems—as long as the price is right!

and know how to use it all . . ."

Such are some sample replies from my bulging files. There are others simply too hot to print. They'd char the pages of this magazine if they were published.

Believe me, there's no shortage of applicants—particularly not in certain European and Latin American countries where even extremely pretty girls know they'll have a tough time finding rich husbands among the local, homegrown males.

Even so, my operation isn't quite as simple and as easy as it may seem on the surface. Placing an advertisement in a newspaper and then waiting for the replies to come pouring in are only preliminary steps.

In the first place, I do not "buy blind." When my clients place their orders with me, they clearly—and often meticulously—specify what type and description of girl or woman they are seeking. I keep all such data recorded and at hand in individual files—and these "specification sheets" are likely to read very much like this actual sample:

Client: Sheikh Abdul bin Mohamet, Jiddah, age 47.

"Wants blonde girl, color of eyes immaterial, not over 22. Girl must be either English, Canadian or American and have slender, supple body and minimum 36-inch, C-cup bust measurement.

"Sheikh Abdul insists that girl be well educated (at least some college preferred, but equivalent U. S. high school diploma level acceptable if other standards and requirements are met.)

"Girl chosen should speak at least one language besides

English and show some aptitude for learning rudimentary Arabic within six months after marriage.

"Girl's reputation must be good and her record clean. Some sexual experience is permissible, but any hint of previous promiscuous behavior will disqualify.

"Sheikh Abdul offers \$50,000 marriage settlement, but is willing to raise this to \$85,000 if absolutely necessary."

This last notation demonstrates something I know all too well. Although most of them are millionaires many times over, my clients are still shrewd traders who drive a hard bargain—even when they're buying ripe young Western brides to stock their harems!

Others among my clients set even narrower limitations and restrictions. For example, Sheikh Ibrahim Ben Yusuf of Riyadh, for whom I obtained two brides—one English, the other French—in 1961 and 1962, demanded girls who were "not over 5 feet, 3 inches tall."

As is customary in the bride-buying business, Sheikh Ibrahim offered a premium price for virginity. He settled \$110,000 on each of his two European brides after physicians had verified that they were. I received a total of \$22,000 as my fee for conducting the negotiations in these two marital deals.

However, I earned my money. I always do.

When the replies to the advertisements I place come in, I read each and every one of them over very carefully. Some, of course, I can immediately discard because the applicants simply do not meet the requirements of my clients. It is not unusual for middle-aged women or girls as young as 14 to

HOUSE-KEEPING AGENCIES
12 E. 42 ST.

KS

FREE MEALS FROM NOON ON
AGENCIES
FR 9 E. 40 ST

TYPS

FREE

NO STENO REQUIRED
Challenging position working with Industrial Engineering Department Manager. Good opportunity for advancement. Liberal employee benefits. Call for personal interview.
ST 6-0620 EXT 62
Friday—Beginner

GIRLS WANTED
Girls wanted, ages 21-35, by agent for several Middle Eastern sheikdoms. Marriageable girls only. Send photo, brief biography, proof of age. Generous financial terms. Write Box GL-11. All replies held confidential.

START AT \$25 A WEEK WITH ADVANCEMENT OPPORTUNITY PLUS PAID BENEFITS
GOOD ADVANCEMENT OPPORTUNITY
UNUSUAL COMPANY
YOU ONLY NEED:
A GOOD PHONE PERSONALITY
A GOOD TYPING (40-45 wpm)
A GOOD WRITING (40-45 wpm)
A GOOD BUSINESS
Need Not Apply
CWS from 9-4
6th, 8th Floor
STON AVE.
portunity Employer.

REMITTING STAFF AGENCY
Some Fee
LAB TECH
Chemistry—Rec
SALARY OF
Excellently M.
ENOUGHING
Sent Hall Co
(201) NE 1000

WANT A CAREER?
Do or take steno.
In office or at home.
I'll train you in a new
writing in:
Photography
Steno
All phases of career

Dict Secy "Airlines" \$90
Hrs: 9-4:30 PARKER agency 130 W 42
DICTAPHONE, dict steno, IBM secy.
1 location, 5 days, 11:00
Home office, 11:00

Dict Secy "Therapeutic"
Excellent opportunity for
capacity for steno
mental health

FRONT DESK AGENCIES
15 E. 40 ST (101 Madison Ave) Rm 200
STENO, typewriter, dictaphone, IBM
creative opportunity working
in Steno, hire needed.
CAREER BLAZERS

Ad which author placed recently in national newspaper drew bags full of mail from all over the United States.

ARAB SHEIKS

write in. Other applicants send photographs of themselves—and these instantly reveal that they do not possess the physical attributes necessary.

Long experience has taught me how to spot applicants who are less obviously—but nonetheless equally—undesirable. Women give away a great deal of information about themselves in the way in which they word their letters. It is usually possible to detect when an applicant is a harpy, a fortune-hunter or just a cheap tart or call-girl looking for an easy way to make some money. It is also generally possible to sense when an applicant is a neurotic or a potential trouble-maker.

In any event, having culled out those letters that fit a particular client's bill, I forward them to him, together with the photographs that have been enclosed by the women. He then chooses the ones in which he is interested and notifies me to proceed with my usual routine.

I get in touch with the women and arrange interviews with them. Usually, I travel to their places of residence although I have, on occasion, arranged for their transportation to wherever I happened to be staying.

These interviews are perhaps the most delicate and difficult phases of my work. It is first of all necessary for me to explain the facts of Middle Eastern life to each girl.

I begin by telling the girl that her

marriage will be governed by Mohammedan law. Her prospective husband is allowed to have four wives—and an unlimited number of concubines—at any one time. He can divorce his wives simply by saying "I divorce thee" three times—and he can divorce and marry as many times as he pleases, as long as he does not have more than four wives at any given time.

"Thus, your marriage may last for years—or only a few days," I tell each girl bluntly. Actually, most of my clients keep their Western wives for an average of two years—and then, tiring of them, go through the divorce ritual and go again into the marriage market for fresh replacements.

It is also necessary to explain that Westerners or not, the wives of most Middle Eastern sheikhs are required to live in harems. Admittedly, many of these harems are luxurious, up-to-the-minute residences, but even so harem-life places an infinite number of restrictions on the women who reside in them.

"You will not be allowed even to speak to any other man without your husband's permission," I continue. "You may raise no objections about his actions, no matter what he may do . . ."

Then, I discuss the sexual aspects of marriage to a Middle Eastern sheikh. I explain that my clients are all men who relish exotic and *outré* fillips in their sexual activities.

"In the West, some of their most

highly favored practices are considered perversions," I tell each girl frankly. "If you have any sexual inhibitions and do not believe that you can overcome or ignore them, you had best abandon any idea of marriage to a sheikh."

Beyond this, it is necessary to make it clear that a wife must resign herself to the idea that she is by no means the only woman in her husband's life.

"There will be three other wives—and innumerable concubines," I tell the prospective brides. "In addition, your husband is free to amuse himself with prostitutes and in brothels if he so desires. You engage in sexual intercourse with him only when he wants, and when he sends for you, And bear in mind that there will be occasions when he sends not only for you, but for one or more of the other wives and some of the concubines all at the same time . . ."

Many applicants signify their desire to drop out of the running long before I reach this point in the interview. Those who are still interested are given a rigorous investigation by a reliable private detective agency which I retain for this purpose.

When the detective agency's reports are all in, I again arrange interviews with the three or four girls who appear to be the best qualified. It is then up to me to choose the one who is most fitted and most likely to please my client.

Having made the choice, I notify my client by cable. He then arranges for the appropriate transfer of funds to a bank in the city in which his bride-to-be lives. The sum representing the marriage settlement is placed in escrow—it is payable to the girl's account as soon as the marriage has been solemnized. In addition, my clients transfer enough money to provide the girl with an appropriate trousseau and to pay her transportation to the Middle East.

Once the bride has arrived and the marriage ceremony has taken place, I receive my fee—which, as I've said before, is a sum equivalent to ten per cent of the marriage settlement.

That, in short, is how my business operates—how I "buy" brides for Arab sheikhs.

I GOT INTO the business purely by accident. In 1956, I was travelling in the Middle East as the sales representative for a British manufacturing concern. In the course of my work, I came into contact with many wealthy sheikhs—men whose six-figure annual incomes came from oil royalties.

(continued on page 66)

Annette Morceau, attractive young Swiss girl, was obtained by author for Sheikh Ismail bin Mohamet in 1958. At right, Annette meets the Sheikh on her arrival. Purchase price was \$250,000!





'I don't want to have a nice conversation—I just want to relax!'



QUICK, MANNIE, THE CARBON PAPER!

*or, how to write
a brand new TV show*

by JOHN MICHAEL

AS I grow yearly older and wiser in the ways of TV, I find, all at once, that I do not mind the new shows so much as I mind the producers' claims for them. That is, many weeks before the public ever gets to see for itself just how distressing the new shows are, the men responsible for making the new shows are inserting tiny "teasers" at the tail-end of the shows soon to go off the networks, giving us previews of our joys-to-be, and I don't think their claims are very fair.

Now, please don't think I am a surly old crab. I am not. Even further, I will admit that these producers who say an upcoming show is funny are quite often right. Or, if they call it a crime series, there is usually something criminal about it. And should it be a western, we're likely to see some horsing around. To none of the claims about the *type* of show do I find any objections at all.

What I do froth at the mouth about is the claim that these are *new* shows. A very long time ago, a man named Georges Polti discovered that there are only thirty-six basic plots. Most network shows run thirty-nine weeks, which, by

simple arithmetic, proves that they cannot even differ very long from *themselves*, let alone other shows.

However, producers insist that their shows are Brand New in Theme, and some of them even claim their plots, being based on Actual People from Recent or Ancient History, are even Educational. Well, maybe they are. But *new*? Well, why not judge for yourself? Here is a typical new-season resumé of shows, each purportedly an original. See what you think of their freshness of viewpoint. If you can find it.

THE TALL BISHOP

"Joan," says the Bishop of Beauvais to Joan of Arc, "one of these days you'll go too far, and then I'm going to have to burn you at the stake." Joan smiles lazily, and shifts her halberd in its holster. "Suit yourself, Your Grace," she smiles. "But you better come to get me well armed." Then both of them chuckle loudly, because they know if the Bishop burned Joan it would end the series, and there is a fat chance of that. Besides, as any historian knows, they were really good pals.





'We've reached a decision. Eleven ham on rye and one bacon and tomato.'

NATIONAL BELLEROPHON

The story of a boy poet, and his winged horse Pegasus. Bellerophon lives on a small farm, and some day dreams of flying his horse in the Grand Marathon. Meantime, though, he stays home and has warm-hearted adventures with his family, and Pegasus only gets to whinny now and then to warn the folks about forest fires and bandits and things.

SEPT (77) RUE HUGO

Three Private Musketeers have set up a sort of office, from which point they help maidens in distress, solve murders, and recover stolen goods. Porthos smokes a pipe and is brainy, Athos plays the lute and is cute, and Aramis speaks incomprehensible *patois* dialects. Also helping them on cases now and then is D'Artagnan, who is supposed to be tending the horses for the inn next door. The foursome's forte is a light approach to disaster.

THE GREEKS

About two buddies, Damon and Pythias, who find themselves on opposite sides of the Trojan War. Each alternate week we concentrate on one of them. Damon warns Hector that Cassandra's prophecies mean trouble. Next week, Pythias tells Achilles he'd better not let Patroclus use his armor. Next week, Damon tries futilely to convince Helen to go back home where she belongs. In the meantime, they each get a chance to get the other in the sights of their slings, catapults or whatever, but they always chicken out and don't shoot, because friendship is thicker than they are.

BRINGING UP OLIVER

Two old men, Fagin and Sykes, have eschewed any chance of happiness, just in order to raise to manhood little Oliver Twist. Oliver doesn't get to do much on the show except groan at his guardians' antics, as they have weekly troubles with neighbors, bus drivers, and policemen, in old Victorian England. At least once every four shows, they get comically lost in the fog.

WELL, SO FAR, not so bad. Not so new, but not so bad. However, if these shows *do* succeed, and get themselves a comfortable rating, after a bit the public finds that certain other shows (failures) have been replaced with a lot of "novelties," such as...

BRINGING UP BRAMWELL

Charlotte and Emily Bronte, two sweet, retiring sisters, have lots of complications with bus drivers, policemen, and neighbors, in the course of raising their errant, tipping brother Bramwell to manhood.

THE SHORT PRIEST

"One of these days, Flambeau," says kindly old Father Brown, "I'm going to have to capture you."

"Zhust as you say, *mon vieux*," says the French burglar, giving an idle shrug as he shifts his lockpick in his sheath.

NATIONAL TRIGGER

The syndicated, copyrighted story of the boyhood of Roy Rogers, with his faithful Palomino, which he hopes someday to run in the Grand Teletheon.

LXXVII (77) ITER ROMAE

After Caesar's death and Brutus' and Cassius' defeat, Marc Antony and the other two in the new triumvirate set up shop rescuing glamorous young *puellae* from danger. Their chariots are tended by a tangle-haired youth named Flavius ("Flavy"), who sometimes gets involved in their cases, especially when it comes to decoying haudmaidenis of Egyptian queens and such.

THE LIMIES

King Richard and Prince John find themselves on opposite sides during a struggle for the throne of England, and...

so OKAY, maybe imitation is the sincerest form of flattery. Fine. A set of duplicates doesn't matter much. But then, a few weeks after *these* shows debut, we run head-on into some more typical TV "originality," and find ourselves also viewing:

BRINGING UP CHAMPION

About Gene Autry's aunts, who, when he was a boy, helped him raise his horse when they weren't having trouble with bus drivers and...

THE TALL STORY

About two sisters, on opposite sides of the Civil War, who have set up an office to rescue soldiers in distress by using the horse of their nephew, whom they've raised from a child, when not having trouble with bus drivers, battles, flying shells...

ANYHOW, IT SOON gets to the point when you can't tell one show from the other without a program, and sometimes not even then, but just when you think they've hit the absolute limit of duplicity, you are confronted by Guest Shots:

TV SPECIAL: "BRINGING UP BREAKFAST"

Damon and Pythias, traveling in the U.S.A. during the Civil War, are captured by the bandits (headed by Joan of Arc and Flambeau) who have stolen Pegasus and Trigger just before the Big Race, so that Charlotte, Fagin, Emily, and Sykes will lose the money they need to keep Oliver and Bramwell in school, but the Bishop of Beauvais and Father Brown ask the help of the Roman Triumvirate and the Three Musketeers to find the horses before the race begins, so that...

so THE NEW TV season, you can see, will be quite uplifting, full of twists, and vastly enjoyable. That is, if you have the sense to *lift* yourself up from your chair, *twist* the dial to "off," and settle back with a good book. Now *there's* enjoyment for you!





SWING FOR YOUR SUPPER

You need more than bread, booze and broads to keep the party rolling; here are the magic ingredients

by JAY GORDON

EVERY NOW AND then, even the most rugged individualist is faced with the concept of ENTER-TAINING. The more attractive the bachelor's home, the sooner hospitality will be expected; the better the hospitality, the sooner the promotion at the office. All of which leads to increasing the **luxé** of your castle, which automatically requires another housewarming to display same—and so on **ad nauseam**.

Parties, in the strictly conventional or social sense, are fundamentally a female institution. Parties are intended to give the girls a chance to dress up, show off, and in general, behave like the Venus Fly-Catcher Plant.

A man's concept of the perfect social gathering is entirely different. A man wants to be able to take off his shoes, and his tie, roll up his sleeves and prop his feet at a 45 degree angle. Once settled, he wishes, without undue effort, to reach for something to smoke, something to drink, and a place to put ashes and a wet-bottomed glass without the piercing shriek "Use the coaster!"

But while most men dread the feminine interpretation of A Party, such soirees are occasionally unavoidable, particularly as one grows to maturity. One by one, your cronies, bosom pals and business acquaintances will weaken and acquire girl friends, if not legal spice (plural for spouse), and whether or not you have found a **petite amie** for your own leisure moments, WOMEN will inevitably and increasingly infect your masculine fiestas.

NOW IT is a basic principle that if you can't beat it, join it. Ergo, before long you will be forced to start giving parties. You'd better know how to do it.

It will be easier if you have a girl to help you, but be wary about asking your current mistress. Such dignity may lead her to assume far more than you are ready to offer. Instead, get



'You'd better write it down; it's 2025573152.'

SUPPER

your sister, your cousin, your youngest aunt, even your mother—because many mothers today are really quite bearable—or the wife of your closest male friend. Whoever you ask to play hostess, be sure it is a woman who cannot possibly misinterpret her role.

The actual refreshments and liquor are ordered beforehand, and if you are lucky in your choice of hostess, she may undertake to do the catering for you. If so, it will probably cost more, but will generally also be tastier, as well as a load off your mind. If you have to provision for yourself, it's still not too difficult. You can certainly figure the liquor supply. For the food-to-go-with, consult with the best gourmet shop in town. A loaf of rye bread and a pound of liverwurst will not do for the real party.

But the point of this article is that ample liquor and adequate supplies of food do not make a party. Neither do numerous girls in pretty dresses make a party... nor lots and lots of people, all gobbling canapes and swilling cocktails and getting high as Canaveral.

A good party requires planning beforehand, plus a little well charted assistance, and the ability to play host—and it is this last area that determines the success or failure of the whole shebang. Here is your role:

1. No matter whom you are inviting, nor why, always include at least two guests who are totally unknown to everyone else. This will provide that well known "change of pace". There will be new conversational possibilities, new faces to look at new jokes—perhaps even new gossip. Everybody will perk up slightly at sight of the strange faces; everybody will want a chance to talk to them, and if they are not abysmally dull, they'll be intrigued by the new faces they are meeting.

There is one major tip, incidentally, about your guest list. Invite all the dull bores to the same party, and do not make the mistake of including even one amusing witty couple. You may think the fun-people will take the curse off the dullards, but it never works that way. Instead, one group will be submerged by the other: either the wits will hold the floor, or they will get lost in the shuffle.

On the other hand, if you invite nobody but bores, you will be astounded at how happily they will get along together. In no time, they will all be drooping along, boring each other, and enjoying it like anything!

2. The host always handles the front of the house, and this holds true even when you are married. Anyone can open the door and indicate where

coats and hats are to be left—but before a guest can feel himself really at home, he should be welcomed by the host.

A greeting by the hostess, even if it's your wife, will not do! Perhaps this is an unconscious throwback to the concept that a man's home is his castle, and that there cannot be a castle without a man. As host, therefore, you must keep an eye on the door and excuse yourself from the previous guests to go back and formally greet the newest arrivals.

At your party, you're stuck to be lord of the manor, and you must not get involved in any long conversations until every last guest has entered and been started on the road to enjoyment.

3. At a small party, the host hangs up male coats and hats, and the hostess directs female guests to their "cloak-room"... but it is *always* the host who inquires "What will you drink?" This holds true, also, even when you are married, or if the party is so swish as to warrant a hired barman. Drinks are the prerogative of the king of the castle, and no matter who fixes the drink or takes care of refills, the first offer of liquid refreshment must come from the host.

A good host may offer his liquor freely, but he still keeps an eye on the amount going to various guests, and speeds up (or slows down) refills accordingly. The basis of a good mixed company party is to get everyone mellow, and no more! You want the guests to blend, but not to the point of removing their clothes. It is not cute, nor funny, nor an addition to the party, for anyone to get crocked—particularly a girl—and this is largely up to the host, because the better the party, the more likely that guests will lose track of just how many refills they've had.

It will be your responsibility to balance liquor with food, so after welcoming your guests and providing the first drink, your next move is:

4. Start serving canapes and handing around the salted nuts. This is where the hostess, whether built-in with a wedding ring or merely *pro tem*, is expected to shine. She is in charge of the solid vittles, and either carries them about from group to group or herds people toward the hors d'oeuvre table. No matter how she does it, it is up to her to see that everyone eats... but you should help her around the edges.

5. Once you've got everyone eating and drinking, you really start to work! Stand aside for a moment and assess your party: who looks bored? who looks left out? where is the little meeting-of-minds that will develop into a party-killer?

Get yourself a drink and drift about, keeping your ears open to identify

what everyone is talking about. Deliberately listen in—and rearrange people, if needed. Nothing kills a party more quickly than the clique of old friends who have settled down for a good gossip. You break this up by joining in their chat and drawing the nearest stranger into the group.

You call the bored person away tactfully, to choose phonograph records or find some music on the radio, or blatantly drag someone out of the clique to be introduced to a guest at the other end of the room "because he'll be interested in your new camera."

6. The host also must cope with the shy people who seem to get lost in the crowd. Summon the guest who is sitting alone to assist you in offering food and drinks. Let him trail along behind you, until one of the extroverts gets him into conversation—at which point you will lose your assistant but the guest will be happily enjoying the party, which is what you want.

7. Unless the party was specifically arranged for the purpose of watching a television program, never permit anyone to turn on the TV during a party. Anyone who cannot live without the Huntley-Brinkley Report, or who "ought to catch the show because I worked on it", shouldn't have come to the party in the first place. A party is a party, and TV noise will ruin it, so be ruthless!

8. This may be your party, and it may cost you plenty, but that still doesn't entitle you to be the Grand Sultan of Pajama. The good host listens more than he talks, and talks primarily in order to get other people talking to each other. You should try to draw out your guests and help them to shine in their own fields. Discretion is necessary, of course. You cannot over-advertise your guests—as once when a lad introduced a pal: "Here's Joe... Joe's a card! C'mon, Joe, crack wise for the girls."

A clever host does make an effort subtly to introduce compatible guests to each other, with a few words that will give them a start for conversation. "Louise is going to Paris next month... perhaps you can tell her a good place to stay," or "George can probably advise you about an air-conditioner, he's in that line."

But no matter how witty or knowledgeable you are, if you are the host, fade into the background. Never shine at your own party.

9. You can, these days, mix up a cocktail shaker of guest ages. Oldsters will meld happily with youngsters and vice versa—but there is one thing that kills a party stone cold in the market place. That is children.

(continued on page 62)

CASTLES IN THE SAND

On the island
of Moorea where it
was born they call
it the "Dance
of Fertility." In
Las Vegas where
she performs it
the billing is
"Courtship Dance."
But whoever has
seen Adele Castles
do the tom-tom
accompanied
number she's
showing part of
here on the sands
at Lake Mead, says
it's the hottest thing
to hit showbiz
since the original
Little Egypt almost
burned down the
old Chicago
World's Fair.
Adele is not a
newcomer either to
showbiz or Vegas;
she's been a
chorine along the
strip for the last
two years after
a fling at
Hollywood and
Broadway musicals.
She seems finally
to have hit the
jackpot, however,











with this, her first
chance at a
solo stint at one
of Vegas's top hotels.

She's hoping
somebody will book
her into some
kind of show at
the New York
World's Fair come
spring, so she
can set the world
on fire with one
match. One thing's
sure—nobody's
got a match to
match her! ♦ ♦ ♦







'He can love me, he can love me not...'

CREEP OF THE MONTH: PRINCE FILIPPO ORSINI

THE PLAYBOY WHO PLAYS IT HEEL

by HENRY M. MILLER



Camera shy Filippo ducks away from Roman paparazzi; recent unfavorable publicity has sent him into hiding.

ROME, ITALY
EXCLUSIVE TO HQ MAGAZINE
A FEW MONTHS ago, an influential and widely-read Italian magazine published a sizzling article under a huge black headline which said:

"PRINCE FILIPPO ORSINI IS NOT A GENTLEMAN!"

In Italy, to say that a man—and particularly a titled member of a noble family—is "not a gentleman" is to impugn his honor. It's roughly equivalent

to calling him seven highly odiferous and assorted varieties of SOB.

The article went on to supply some of the more piquant details about Prince Filippo's latest peccadilloes involving the breathtakingly beautiful French

THE PLAYBOY

actress, Madeleine Lebeau.

Among other things, Orsini had conducted a bizarre, quasi-voodoo "funeral service" to mark the end of his relationship with Madeleine. He'd taken a photograph of the ravishing, raven-haired actress and pinned it to a piece of wood. Placing lighted candles atop the picture, he'd stripped to the waist and floated the photo in the filled bathtub in his bathroom. Around the tub, he'd placed more lighted candles.

What all this grotesque mumbo-jumbo was supposed to signify, no one seemed to know—not even Orsini, who sat on the edge of the bathtub grinning evilly at press photographers he'd invited to attend the "funeral."

Then, the article went on, Prince Filippo had again pulled one of his familiar tricks. He'd written some "memoirs" which, he said, would reveal ALL about his romance with Madeleine.

"PRINCE FILIPPO ORSINI IS NOT A GENTLEMAN," the headline said.

Under normal circumstances, the least the magazine could have expected was a lawsuit, while the author of the story could figure on getting a right to the jaw the next time he met the man he had written about in such a vein. However, in this particular instance neither the publication nor journalist Bruno Modugno—who wrote the article—had very much to worry about.

Although he bears one of the oldest and most noble names and titles in all Europe, the chances are that playboy Prince Filippo Orsini couldn't make a lawsuit stick in any Italian court. He—and his reputation—are far too well known through the length and breadth of his native land.

Beyond all this, although he is famous to the point of notoriety for many things, Prince Filippo is hardly noted for being the type who would take a swing at another man. His hassles are usually with women and even then he seems to prefer the long, roundabout—and above all, the SAFEST—route to get in his licks against them.

He's a kiss-and-tell kind of creep—a guy who loves 'em, leaves 'em and then picks up a nice fast buck by hastily penning memoirs or articles that reveal the most intimate and juicy inside details about what he and the babe did and why and how they did it.

All in all, Prince Filippo Orsini would probably have a hell of a tough time convincing many people that he didn't deserve the "Not-a-gentleman" charge

that even Mlle. Madeleine Lebeau levelled against him. But the lovely, curvaceous Madeleine is by no means the first babe to get her pretty fingers burned after frolicking with Prince Filippo—not by a long shot.

Somehow, the 43-year-old nobleman has managed to make himself the central figure in more raucous scandals than any dozen run-of-the-mine Continental playboys. For the last several years, Orsini has seemed to make a specialty of giving gossip-columnists and scandal-sheet writers ample justification for dipping their pens in vitriol instead of ink. As for the girls he's known...

"I'd like to buy him for what I think

he's worth and sell him for what *he* thinks he's worth!" snorted one slightly singed young lovely after a recent brush with Prince Filippo. "I could live like a queen for the rest of my life on the profit!"

"He is not a gentleman!" repeats the regally gorgeous Mlle. Lebeau and, knowing the implications any European will immediately draw from the statement, lets it go at that.

LORD KNOWS THAT if any man should be a compleat gentleman, Prince Filippo Orsini should be that man.

His family can trace its lineage—and title—back almost a thousand years. It's a family that has collected more honor











The late Belinda Lee, beautiful British actress who first took an overdose of sleeping pills—unsuccessfully—then was killed while speeding in a sports car. Prince Filippo's romance with her lost him the family's traditional place of honor at the papal court.



THE PLAYBOY

and tradition through the centuries than almost any other noble house anywhere on the Continent.

Throughout history, the Orsini have been great warriors, statesmen and high dignitaries of the Roman Catholic Church. The House of Orsini produced five Popes and more than 40 Cardinals. Other members of the historic clan have been great scientists, philosophers, builders—men who contributed greatly to the world.

But Filippo—well, he's a Prince of a somewhat different stripe.

Born in 1920, he was brought up in the same way that most young princelings are brought up—in a lush, plush style. During World War II, he enlisted in the Italian Air Force and served as a pilot. Evidently, some of the proclivities which would later develop in Filippo hadn't yet manifested themselves. He served with distinction, winning two silver and one bronze medals for valor.

After the war, he returned to Rome, presumably to carry on in the family tradition. Among the many great traditional honors which had been heaped on the Orsini through the centuries was one that was shared by only a single other Italian noble family—that of the Colonnas. This called for the Prince who headed the house to serve as a personal aide to His Holiness, the Pope, at all important Vatican functions.

For countless generations, at all such functions the incumbent Pope was always flanked by two Princes—one an Orsini, the other a Colonna. Furthermore, to show that both Princes were of equal high rank and entitled to equally high honors, they alternated the positions they took when attending His Holiness. On one occasion, a Colonna would stand on the Pope's right, an Orsini on his left. On the next occasion, they would change sides—but for centuries, at all important Vatican functions, His Holiness was always flanked by Princes from the two houses.

The position of the Orsini in Roman—and Italian—Society was no less high or secure. They were at the top—at the absolute pinnacle of the social heap, not only in their native country but also throughout all of Europe.

But, although the House of Orsini was long on tradition and honors, young Prince Filippo soon discovered that it was somewhat on the short side when it came to cash. The family fortunes—once of the greatest in all the world—had, like the fortunes of so many other noble families, dwindled down to a very low point.

Possibly it was this consideration that helped him choose the bride he

married during the post-World War II period. The *Contessa* Franca Bonacossa di Padova may not have been Italy's most beautiful woman, but her family had plenty of *lire*.

In any event, Filippo and Franca were married with all the pomp and grandeur that one might have expected. They settled down in the imposing Orsini *palazzo* in Rome and, before long, the first of two children arrived.

Prince Filippo evidently chafed a bit at the matrimonial halter that hung around his neck. Via Veneto gossips were soon passing around stories about the peccadilloes of the Prince. According to the stories, he was living—and playing—it up with various and sundry pretty dolls.

However, Europeans have a somewhat different outlook toward this sort of thing. On the Continent, no one is too greatly surprised if a married man has a mistress—or two or three—on the side. Nothing much is ever said—as long as he carries on his romances and affairs with diplomacy and discretion. In short, the philandering European husband is usually safe unless he makes a splash.

By late 1957, it was beginning to seem that Prince Filippo was poised not only to make a splash—but to cause a tidal wave of scandal. By then, his romance with luscious film actress Belinda Lee was an open secret—so open that everyone, but EVERYONE, was talking about it.

The playboy Prince appeared oblivious to it all. He frequently went out to public places with Belinda, and he didn't even look angry when wandering *paparazzi* snapped photos of them together. In between dates—or whatever—with Belinda Lee, he made the rounds of all the most glittering parties. His wife, Franca, was seldom seen with him—unless, of course, he was attending one of those "Must" high-society affairs where everyone is bored to tears, but which cannot be avoided unless one *really* wants to start talk.

Among the many less formal—and more swinging—Roman blowouts Filippo attended was one memorable party to which he went with his favorite play-buddy, the late Errol Flynn, and the then-still-Empress of Iran, Soraya. The sloe-eyed Soraya was supposed to be touring Europe looking for medical advice on how to have babies for the Shah, while Errol Flynn was in Rome doing what he always did when he wasn't in front of the cameras—having a ball.

Anyway, such detours aside, Filippo was apparently all hung up on Belinda Lee—and she, in turn, was just as hung up on him. Then, in late 1957, a new

story started making the rounds. Prince Filippo's wife—who had by then borne him a second child—had put down her foot. The relationship with Belinda would have to come to a screeching halt—or else.

Or else what? Well, there is no divorce in Italy. But, as the natter whisperers whispered, a playboy Prince without dough is likely to find that he's nothing more than just another slob. And, they went on, the Princess Franca was threatening to cut her hubby off at the bank if he didn't give Belinda the bye-bye treatment—but fast.

How much truth there is in this is a moot question. However, whatever the reasons for his action, Filippo is said to have crossed his Rubicon in January, 1958, telling the beautiful Belinda that he'd have to stay home and play it close for awhile.

On Saturday, January 25, Belinda Lee swallowed an overdose of sleeping pills. She was rushed immediately to a hospital, where doctors worked desperately to save her life.

Two days later, Prince Filippo—not wanting to be outdone, cynics sneered—also took sleeping pills and cut his wrists.

"Very few pills—and very shallow cuts," an attendant at the *Policlinico* hospital to which he was taken told reporters.

Filippo was pronounced out of danger within a few hours after he arrived at the hospital. He was doing fine—just fine—by the next day when Cornel Loucas, Belinda Lee's husband, flew into Rome to find out what the hell was going on.

Presumably, he found out the moment he stepped off his plane, for by then the scandal was making the biggest, loudest headlines that Rome had seen in many a day.

Almost as soon as she was out of the hospital, Belinda Lee went to Africa to make a motion picture. That left Prince Filippo Orsini to try and square things up with his misstrut—but there was no patching that could be done.

Orsini and his wife separated—but that was only the beginning. Prince Filippo had made far too big a splash. In an all but unprecedented action, the Vatican announced that he was being stripped of all his Papal honors. He could no longer attend His Holiness at Vatican functions—for the first time in centuries, there would be no Prince Orsini standing beside His Holiness at receptions and conclaves.

By Italian standards, Filippo Orsini had been thoroughly dishonored and disgraced.

The playboy Prince didn't seem to
(continued on page 65)

new bodies for old, with...

THE PLASTIC FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH

by JAMES T. HENDRICKS



ATTRACTIVE BLONDE Emma Jensen glanced about her uncertainly before entering the small private medical clinic in the Tokyo suburb. She knew it was the correct address, that she'd come to the right place. But even so, the young American woman was a bit nervous and apprehensive.

"Do—do you speak English?" Emma stammered once she was inside the doors and standing in front of the reception desk.

"Yes, of course," a trim Japanese receptionist-nurse replied. Her English was heavily accented and she spoke with many heavy sibilations, but Emma understood her clearly. "May I have your name, please?"

Emma gave her name and, within a few moments, she was ushered in to see Dr. Kenjo Yoshikawa. The doctor nodded, bowed and hissed his greeting.

He also spoke accented English and informed the American girl that her mail-ordered appointment with him was all in order.

"Your private room is reserved. We can perform the operation this afternoon—and within two days, you can be on your way back to the United States," Dr. Yoshikawa smiled toothily.

The "operation" was performed that very same afternoon—and within 72 hours, Emma Jensen was aboard a jet airliner, winging her way back to her home town in the Midwest.

As Emma sat in the cabin of the airliner, she smiled secretly to herself. The round trip and the operation had cost her a great deal of money—but it had all been worth it. Now, there could be no problems about her marriage. Now she could go to her marriage-bed on the wedding night confident that her husband would never be able to suspect a thing about her previous sexual life.

No. Not a thing. Emma's fiancé—a wealthy but somewhat prudish young man—would find that his bride was a virgin. When he made love to her for the first time, he would discover that she was all that she had represented herself to be—a young woman who had never engaged in sexual intercourse before. He would believe this instantly—and forever—for he would find that her hymen was still intact.

Of course, what Emma Jensen's bridegroom would *not* know is that the hymen was an artificial one, formed from plastic and grafted to Emma's flesh by Dr. Kenjo Yoshikawa in Tokyo.

Dr. Yoshikawa is only one of more than 200 Japanese surgeons who make a profitable sideline specialty of "restoring" the "virginity" of women through skin or plastic-membrane grafts in Japan. And our mythical



Emma Jensen is only one of an estimated 10,000 American girls who make the trip to Japan every year for the express purpose of having artificial hymens created for them.

The "restoration" of maidenheads lost through sexual intercourse—or even by accidental rupture—has become Big Business in Japan in recent years. The operation itself is rather simple—and entirely safe. It involves only an easy and all but painless graft of skin taken from other parts of the body or—as is more often the case—the insertion of a small piece of plastic membrane which is manufactured for this express purpose and made to feel exactly like human skin.

Japanese women pay only the equivalent of \$25 to \$50 for the operation. American patients, however, are

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MOLLIE

EUROPE IS VERY BIG THIS SEASON. ESPECIALLY IN HQ. WHILE ELSEWHERE ON THESE PAGES ARE PICTURED SEVEN OF LONDON'S TOP MODELS HERE WE HAVE A GIRL FOUND IN, OF ALL PLACES, AMSTERDAM. IT SO HAPPENS SHE AIN'T DUTCH, BUT AUSTRALIAN, WORKING FOR AN AUSSIE FIRM WITH A DISTRICT OFFICE IN HOLLAND. A 22-YEAR OLD WORLD



TRAVELER, MOLLIE ONLY WORKS AT JOBS THAT REQUIRE FOREIGN LOCATIONS. HER LAST ONE WAS FOR AN AIRLINE. BEFORE THAT SHE DID A YEAR'S STINT IN TOKYO. HOW ABOUT HER COMING HERE TO THE U.S.? NEXT ON HER LIST, SHE SAYS, AND SHE HAS SOMETHING UP HER SLEEVE (IF SHE WORE ANY). SHE'S LOOKING FOR A MOVIE CAREER—WHAT ELSE?

















WHO KILLED THE WORLD'S MOST GLAMOROUS PLAYGIRLS?

by ALDO VECCHIET



THE FIRST VICTIM was found dead on a fashionable beach—after she had participated in a marathon high-society drug-and-sex orgy.

The second girl was strangled with her own stockings in her swank apartment. Her killer did not touch a penny of the \$35,000 in cash she had lying around loose.

The third victim was strangled too—under somewhat similar circum-

stances, but her killer used his hands to choke her to death.

The fourth girl was savagely stabbed to death outside the door of her best girl-friend's apartment. And although the victim's piercing screams could be heard a block away, the girl friend claims she slept through it all...

These four women—all of them young and lovely—were murdered at different times and in different places.

But the murders have much in common—and they add up to Europe's biggest, smelliest and most scandalous four-way mystery parlay.

All four of the victims were top-drawer—and top-price—playgirls, super-elegant whores who shared their beds with the wealthiest and most prominent men on the Continent.

All men were murdered—but no one has ever been punished for killing

***Their violent deaths seemingly
were unrelated... yet the same
names popped up in all
their 'little black books'...***



any of them.

There are those who say—and with good reason—that the murders will never be solved because there is no one who *dares* to solve them.

Each is that kind of case. They're all murders that have angles, aspects, implications and ramifications which involve the biggest of big names, which reach to the top. They're mysteries which, if solved, would rip the lids off

a thousand scandals and expose ten thousand tightly-guarded secrets. The solution of the mysteries could wreck not only reputations—but entire business and financial empires and even bring down governments.

There are even some people who hint—and broadly—that there is some sort of link between each of the four murders, that they're all parts of the same pattern . . .

From left to right: Sebila "Blonde Dolly" Niemans; Wilma Montesi; Rosemarie Nitribitt; Christa Wanninger. All their murders are still unsolved. All seem to have some connection.

PLAYGIRLS

Perhaps. But let's start at the beginning—on the morning of April 11, 1953.

That was when the half-clad body of beautiful, dark-haired Wilma Montesi was found on the sand at Ostia—the fashionable beach long favored by the high-living playboys and playgirls of Rome's Dolce Vita set.

Wilma Montesi was only 20, but she'd been one of the more familiar play-dolls of Rome for a couple of years. Originally the daughter of a penniless carpenter, she had learned how to get good clothes, good times and plenty of extra spending money the easy way. And now she was dead.

Police had hardly gotten through examining Wilma's body when all sorts of rumors and reports began spreading through Rome. Evidently, the girl had spent most of the previous night at a drug-soaked saturnalian orgy engineered by a well-known Cafe Society figure.

Anna Maria Caglia, another play-for-pay girl, came forward to provide what she claimed were the details. The orgy had been held at the hunting lodge of the Marquis Ugo Montagna.

It was only one of many sex-binges in which party girl Wilma Montesi had participated with some of the most famous men in Italy.

Anna Maria Caglia painted a picture of depravity in high society circles that raised the hair on half the heads in *Bella Italia*.

"Wilma died at Montagna's hunting lodge!" she charged. *Signorina* Caglia, dark and gorgeous, was quickly dubbed "The Black Swan" by the Rome press. She went on to chronicle the details of wide-open dope-peddling, white slavery, police corruption and wholesale carnality. And, she maintained, Rome's Big People had a hand in all of it.

Frantic efforts were made to silence the "Black Swan" and to do a fast hushup and coverup job on the case. But it was too late. At least some of the cats were out of the bag—and the names that had already been mentioned whetted the public's appetite for more.

Rome authorities did their damndest to stall, evidently hoping that the public clamor would die down, that the murder of the high-priced harlot would quickly be forgotten.

But this tactic was useless. The

Wilma Montesi murder had torn the curtain from postwar Italy's high-level whirl of vice and depravity, and the public was howling for blood.

The stink got so bad that Tomaso Pavone, Chief of the Italian National Police, resigned. If this was intended as a sop to quiet the public, it didn't work.

Now the case became a political football. Opponents of the Christian Democrats, the party in power, yowled for the government to resign. Some arrests had to be made—and fast. (Shades of London's Christine Keeler-Profumo affair!)

Gianpiero Piccioni, jazz-pianist son of the Italian Foreign Minister, the Marquis Ugo Montagna, Saverio Polito, Chief of the Rome Police Force and nine others were indicted. Piccioni was charged with homicide, Montagna and Polito with being his accomplices. The others were held on a wide variety of charges.

Such is the snail's pace at which Italian justice moves that the trial did not begin until early in 1957—and then it was held in Venice, on the grounds that the defendants could not receive a fair trial in Rome.

The trial dragged on for three endless months. Much of the testimony was so hot that it could be reported in the press only in paraphrased form. Anna Maria Caglia—the sultry, beautiful self-confessed playgirl—alone spent six hours reciting the clinical details of wild drug-and-sex orgies.

Anna Maria accused Montagna of heading a huge drug-ring and claimed that Piccioni was the ring's "assassin"—its trigger-man. Some of the most important and glittering names in Italian Society were brought into the case. All in all, only one fact emerged clearly: Wilma Montesi had undoubtedly been killed because she knew too much about too many people.

The trial testimony was burning a vast number of extremely delicate fingers. Something had to be done to bring it to a screeching halt. Thereupon State Prosecutor Cesare Palminteri threw up his hands—and, possibly threw the case.

"Wilma Montesi's death was not an accident, nor did she commit suicide," he told the court. "But there is absolutely no proof against any of the defendants."

Which probably ranks as one of the most astounding declarations ever uttered by a public prosecutor.

The defendants were immediately discharged. There were repercussions, plenty of them. They have continued to the present time. But the murderer

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Apartment house and inside of apartment in which Rosemarie Nitribitt lived in luxury. Note mirrored bed, oil painting of Rosemarie. It's suspected that in addition to some high class prostitution she indulged in a little blackmail.





NEW

DAME
GAME
NAME

MAKING A NEW YEAR'S resolution to maybe top all New Year's resolutions, Susanne Chester has become just about all-new. New name, new game, new dame—the only thing old is the frame, and that's not so old either (she's only 19). Name? It used to be Margaret Christenhoffer. Game and dame? She











used to be secretary
to a feed merchant in
Des Moines, now—
and this is her
first venture—she's an
illustration and
figure model in New
York City. There's one
more rhyme left in
this story, and that's
just around the corner
for Suzanne: Fame.









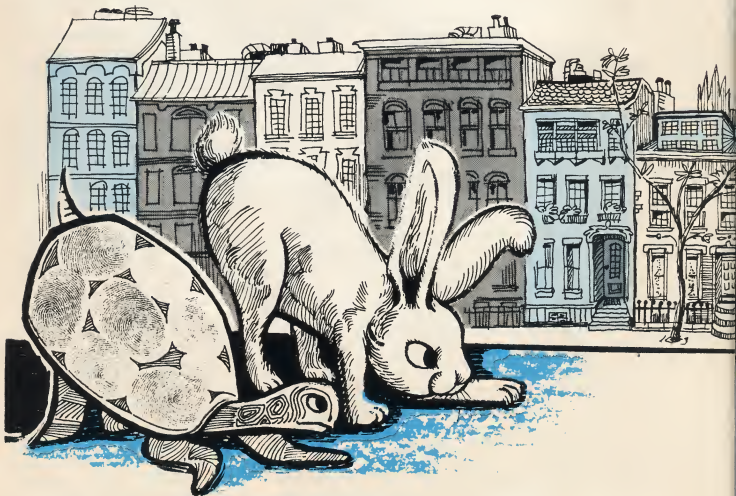
THE SQUARE AND THE SEX TRIANGLE

OPPOSITES ATTRACT. Which may be trite, but remains the only explanation of how a hip guy like Roger DeLeon and a square like Henry Robson managed to get along so well. They shared a small apartment on the drifting East Side of Greenwich Village and for three years they hit it off with no more than the average tensions of such an arrangement.

Roger was an artist—and it showed. He sported a beard, talked with one hand painting abstract murals in the air and did all the “in” things just as soon as the Village’s conforming non-conformists declared them “in.” He regularly made the coffee-house scene, tap-

ped a bongo and switched over to guitar right on cue with the folksingers. He sneered at money, deplored the artists, writers and musicians who’d “sold out,” and glibly quoted Mailer, Miller and Heller as the prophets of an American existentialism.

As far as Henry was concerned there was no profit in existentialism or most of the other hip fads. Modern art was broken-yoked eggs floating in confusion. Modern music was a cat-yodeling cacophony. And modern literature, like modern poetry, made his head spin with a welter of visions in which Sartre-inspired angels danced in erratic and erotic confusion upon the heads of



*In love, too,
the race is not always
to the swift*

by TED MARK



ERWIN SCHACHNER



SEX TRIANGLE

Joyce-sharpened pins. In other words, Henry dug not.

Roger called him "The Great Un-hip." He took the attitude that Henry was "beardless, brainless and hopeless," but Henry didn't really mind. There was an underlying fondness in Roger's insults and, besides, Henry appreciated Roger's cleverness.

It was a cleverness that collapsed into helpless laughter before the hallmark of Henry's squareness. This was his extreme innocence about anything relating to women, or sex. It was vocalized constantly in a series of apparently Freudian slips which might easily have served as dialogue for a French bedroom farce.

"Things went from bed to worse," Henry told Roger one night, describing a date of his which hadn't panned out. "All she talked about was how she had this problem with her weight, and did I know a good seducing plan," he added.

Walking down the street with him one day, Henry ogled a tight-sweatered chick that was passing and observed that she looked "rape for the first man who comes along."

ROGER VIEWED the sexual connotations of such slips as the preoccupation with the subject typical of the unsatisfied male. He'd also considered the possibility that Henry was doing more punning than slipping, compensating for his shyness with a constant stream of sexually-oriented malaprops. Perhaps,

Roger often thought, this was Henry's sole foray into the world of the hip. At any rate, after three years of it all, Roger had just about given up figuring it out. Whether Freudian slipping or intentionally punning, Henry was strictly nowhere. He was flustered around women, his face got red and he always seemed about to drown in his own embarrassment. That's how it was the first night he met Miranda.

Miranda was Roger's girl. She was a big deal in his life. He didn't talk about it, hardly dared think about it to himself, but Miranda represented an arrow pointing the way out of the rat-race for Roger.

She was unique. Her beauty was dark and startling, ebony hair and delicate ivory skin, the flash of deep green eyes and the slight, sweet flush of pink that suffused her high-boned cheeks. She combined the sensuality of the studied beachick with the innocence of a Miss Rheingold. Heads turned when she entered a room and they stayed turned. Such was the physical impact of Miranda.

However, in terms of her tenure in the Village, she was a definite type. She'd left college in the midwest to rent a loft by herself in the Village. She didn't paint. She didn't write. She wasn't a musician. She had no ambitions to act, sing, or dance. Like many of the girls who come to the Village without talent, ambition, or direction, she just wanted to be part of it all, to cut loose, be emancipated, partake of the excitement, count herself among the uninhibited, the intellectually hip. And, she wanted

all this without sacrificing her purity.

It wasn't easy to be both uninhibited and virtuous, a swinging chick and a lone sleeper, but Miranda managed it. She threw the lingo and innuendoed a wild and active series of affairs but her head remained the only head on her pillow night in and night out.

Apart from all this was the bonus factor that had reshaped Roger's thinking. Miranda was a very wealthy girl. Her father had made it in pork-packing, Miranda being his only child, she almost literally lived high off the hog on his paternal largesse. When Roger learned all this, he found himself torn between his natural desire to seduce her and the advantages of playing it cool and marrying her. That's how the situation stood the night he introduced her to Henry.

Seduction had been foremost in Roger's mind, but doomed to failure that night. Henry was out on a date, so he'd brought Miranda up to their pad and made the night-long pitch which she'd teasingly managed to avoid. Finally Roger had philosophically given up and made coffee. They were sitting at the kitchen table drinking it when Henry entered.

"Miranda, this is my roomie, Henry," he introduced them.

"Hi." She gave him a friendly wave. "Any trend of Roger's is a trend of mine," he greeted her, his eyes glued to her sweater.

Miranda followed the direction of his eyes and trilled a knowing giggle. "Do you like my sweater?" she asked. "It's right in the latest passion, isn't it?"

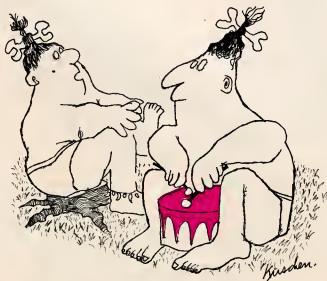
Miranda giggled again, taking her lead from Roger who was laughing in spite of himself. "Just something I found in the laundry when I picked it up today," she said.

Grasping at this straw to change the subject, Henry addressed himself to Roger. "That reminds me," he said, "did you remember the laundry list?"

Roger could only nod yes as he tried to control his laughter and pounded Miranda on the back. Henry's latest blooper had caught her with a mouthful of coffee and she was choking on it. Finally Roger found his voice. "Take a deep breath," he told her.

Miranda took a deep breath and let it out in another paroxysm of giggles. Roger looked at Henry reproachfully. "You're too much," he told him. "This poor girl's going to laugh herself sick."

Miffed, Henry turned on his heel and went to his room. Miranda's laughter followed him down the hallway.



'In reply to yours of the 23rd ...'

IT WAS ABOUT a week later that Miranda and Henry saw each other again. Roger



"Of course I mumble—I was born with a silver spoon in my mouth."

had asked Miranda up to dinner and, as was usual between the roommates, arranged with Henry to be out that night. Having no date, Henry had decided to go to a movie. He was just on his way out the door when the ringing phone pulled him back. It was Roger.

"I've been held up down here at the gallery," he told Henry. "They can't make up their minds about which of my paintings they want to hang for the fall show. They want the boss to make the final decision and they want me to wait until he gets back. Should be about an hour or so. Will you do me a favor and keep Miranda company until I get there?"

"Sure," said Henry. "I'll be bad to." "I hope not," Roger said drily, and told him he'd see him later.

When she got there, Henry made her a drink, sat down on the couch next to her, took a deep breath and prepared to keep Miranda company.

"Roger tells me you type manuscripts," he began. "I used to do a little typing myself. Not touch though, just hunt-'n-neck."

"Your way sounds much more interesting," Miranda murmured.

Henry gulped and tried determinedly to stick to the conversation.

"How many sheets do you use?" he asked.

"I beg your pardon!"

"I mean how many carbons? Oh, forget it! You're just making fun of me. I know you think I'm corny!"

"I'm sorry, Henry," Miranda said.

"You're right. I really have no business making fun of you. Please don't dislike me."

"I know you think I'm a square," Henry sulked. "But that's no reason to do your breast to put me down."

Miranda struggled to keep a straight face. "You're as hip as anybody else," she told him gently. "Being hip—playing it cool—it's all a big phoney anyway."

Henry brightened up. "I'm glad you feel that way," he told her.

"I really do. I think you're very sweet and I hope you like me too. I guess I was just teasing you before because I really would like to go out with you some time."

"I'd like that too, Miranda, but it's kind of sticky. See, Roger is my roommate and my friend, and he trusts me."

"I think you've got the wrong idea. Roger and I dig each other, but we're really just friends. Don't take my word for it, ask him."

"Somehow, where you and he are concerned, I think he may have a different idea in mind."

"That's exactly what I—" Miranda was interrupted by the arrival of Roger.

"Hi," he said. "Sorry I'm late. Miranda been entertaining you?" he asked Henry kiddingly.

"She's been doing her bust."

"Sorry I missed that." He turned to Miranda. "Do it again," he told her, straight-faced.

"Very funny!" She scowled at him.

"Seriously, has Henry here been showing you his etchings?"

"I keep my etchings for my own dates," Henry took his coat out of the closet and bid them good night.

By the time he returned home, much later that night, Miranda was gone. Roger was piling some dishes in the sink. Henry leaned on the edge of the kitchen table.

"Rog," he began, "Are you petting serious with Miranda?"

"Huh? . . . Oh, I see what you mean. Don't be from Squaresville. I'm never serious about any of these chicks," Roger lied. "My motto is always play it cool."

"No, honest, Rog, tell me the truth. I mean, your attitude towards her isn't exactly brotherly."

"You'd be surprised! . . . Look, buddy, what's all this leading up to?"

"I was thinking I might like to take her on a date. But I don't want to step on your toes."

"Judging by past performance, that's not likely," Roger said drily. "Look, one chick's the same as another to me. You want to date her, go ahead. I don't mind."

So Henry called Miranda for a date the next night. She not only accepted, she asked him over to her place for dinner. Roger played it cool on the outside of course, but inwardly he was doing a slow burn. He'd never even seen the inside of her apartment. He wasn't sore at Henry, but he had a bad case of scorched ego.

Oh well, he thought this was prob-

(continued on page 70)



It may be bordering on the turncoat to admit it, but ask any glamor photographer who the leading models are today and where they come from, and the odds are he'll tell you England. That's right, not New York or Las Vegas or Miami or Hollywood—or even Paris. It's Merrie Olde England. Why and how this phenomenon took place—and it was fairly recently

ENGLAND'S SULTRY SEVEN



1







2

—not even their hairdressers know, but the fact is that suddenly the English girls have emerged as the most beautiful, bosomy ones in the modeling business. (We know we're gonna take a beating from the local girls because of this, but we're just reporting the facts, Ma'ms.) So without further ado—and to prove the point, let's introduce the top seven models in England as of this moment. No. 1 is Lida Liv-



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ington, from Liverpool originally (all the girls work in London now; it's virtually the only city in England for any kind of modeling career); No. 2 is Gina Browne, a native Londoner who tried modeling in New York for a while but found conditions in London more appealing; No. 3 is Christine Johnstone, born in Manchester, part-time showgirl at the famous Windmill Theatre; No. 4 is Helen Marks, who, like Nina Gibbons, No. 5, was born and bred in London and has appeared in some two dozen of those British comedies starring either Terry Thomas or Peter Sellers. Sylvia Crimmins is No. 6, born in New Zealand, brought to London by her father when she was 16 (three years ago) as he set up headquarters there for his importing business (spices, hemp, exotic South Pacific jazz like that). And No. 7, a doubleheader appearing also in color on the opposite page is probably the No. 1 glamor model in all England—Marianne Motley, a voluptuous dark-haired beauty who has been modeling just six months but has already become so famous in England she's been on TV dozens of times and is soon to appear in her first—but surely not her last—film, a sexy comedy called "Groom's First Bride."







"BUT LET ME PROVE TO YOU THAT IT IS NOT A FATE WORSE THAN DEATH..."

FOUNTAIN continued

charged more—anywhere up to \$1,000, depending upon the doctor, the clinic with which he is affiliated and other factors.

Why should any woman—Japanese or American—go to all the time, trouble and expense involved? The answer to that is—or certainly should be—obvious to almost anyone. Despite greatly liberalized and “emancipated” outlooks on sex which prevail in most U.S. and many Japanese social circles, countless men still place a great premium on virginity. They want their brides to be virgins—“unsullied” girls with intact hymens—on their wedding nights.

“By God, I don’t want to marry any girl who has fooled around with some other guy . . .”

“Sure, I’m broad minded about sex—but I want my wife to be a clean girl, a virgin . . .”

“I’ll be damned if I’ll marry any girl who isn’t a virgin . . .”

Such remarks can be heard by American males far more often than the average person might imagine. Then, there is the evidence of the boastful pride with which many men tell their friends about the purity of the women they married.

“My wife was a virgin on our wedding night . . .”

INNUMERABLE MALES have been effectively fooled into thinking that their brides were chaste innocents by hymen “restoration” operations. Only a professional man—a doctor—would be able to recognize the difference, and then only by meticulous examination.

The operation which restores—or, to be more accurate recreates—a hymen is performed thousands of times on women throughout the world. Many American surgeons also perform the operation—but all too often young women are reluctant to have what they call their “repair jobs” done in their own cities or towns. They are ashamed or embarrassed—or perhaps afraid that word might somehow get around.

This is the reason why such large numbers of U.S. women travel to Japan each year and have the requisite plastic surgery done there. They can pass the trip off as a sightseeing or vacation jaunt—and no one will ever be the wiser, particularly not the men they will marry.

Actually, this is only one of many forms of plastic surgery being widely practiced by doctors who capitalize on human vanity and the eternal desire of human beings—both male and female—to turn back the clock, to find the figurative fountain of youth.

“Nose-bobs,” face-lifting operations,

“augmentation mammoplasty . . .”

These are only three of the many additional forms of plastic surgery which go to create the staggeringly profitable “Plastic Fountain of Youth” from which innumerable persons—particularly women and girls—today derive new, artificial youth and beauty.

“Nose-bobs” are probably the most familiar and most widely performed of these operations. The “nose-bob trade” is so great that private clinics and doctors in many cities have arrangements whereby they advertise openly for patients. Although sometimes painful and seldom inexpensive, these operations are in great demand among women and girls whose noses are crooked, overly large or otherwise unattractive.

The plastic surgeon undertakes to “improve” or “beautify” the patient’s nose by judicious cutting and re-forming of bone, flesh and skin. The patient can even select the specific type and appearance of nose he or she desires. The surgeon quit literally alters the “new” nose to the patient’s specifications.

In some instances, it is necessary to add, rather than subtract, bone—for example when a badly depressed bridge of the nose has to be “built up.” In such instances, the surgeon uses bone-grafts and sometimes even actual plastic substances.

The basic principles involved in face-lifting operations are simple enough. Faces become “old” and wrinkled when the facial muscles slacken and sag. The plastic surgeon “tightens up” the facial skin, drawing it taut over face. This removes the sags and wrinkles and gives the skin the smooth appearance of youth.

Estimates of the number of face-lifts performed every year in the United States run as high as 100,000—with about two-thirds of them being performed on women. Unfortunately, the operation is tricky; it doesn’t always work wonders or have effects that last over a long period of time. There can be visible—even ugly—scars and a “lifted face” can fall disastrously and tired muscles sag even more than before. In some cases at least temporary repairs can be effected by performing another “lifting” operation.

In any event, these operations are usually extremely expensive. Nonetheless, large numbers of people are willing to pay the prices demanded by plastic surgeons. Some of the leading—and “youngest looking” stars of stage, screen and television maintain their youthful appearance by undergoing “face-lifts.” Not a few headlines who pass as men and women in their 30s or 40s are really ten, a score or even

more years older—people who have paid fortunes to plastic surgeons for face-lifting operations.

But Big Names and wealthy people are not the only ones who resort to facial plastic surgery in order to look younger. Many women from far less exalted walks of life have scrimped and saved to pay for “face-lifts” so that they could attract younger men as husbands or to appear more youthful and attractive to their husbands and friends.

Rich or poor, women who resort to this particular form of “rejuvenation” in an effort to make themselves appear younger are sometimes liable to find that the operations backfire.

For example, a 32-year-old California husband recently sued his wife for divorce. Among his allegations against her was one charging that she had “grossly misstated and misrepresented” her age before they were married. According to the husband’s testimony, she had told him that she was only 27 years old.

“I believed her,” he testified. “Actually, she didn’t look any older than 27—at least, not at first. Her real age was 41 at the time we were married, but she’d had a face-lift. I only learned the truth three years after the wedding—when her facial muscles started to give way and her face began to sag and wrinkle horribly . . .”

The divorce, incidentally, was granted by the courts on the grounds of “mental cruelty.”

Face-lifting operations are by no means the only forms of plastic surgery that give artificial youth and beauty to modern-day women. An entire surgical specialty has grown up in the field of female breast enlargement and beautification. Countless women each year resort to surgery in order to restore the high, firm look and feel of sagging breasts. Thousands call upon surgeons to enlarge their breasts—and among these women are many so-called “cover girls,” models and others whose popularity and income increases in direct proportion to their bust measurements.

The official medical term for the surgical enlargement of female breasts is “augmentation mammoplasty.” Several techniques for accomplishing this have been developed and are in use today. The two major means involve the transplanting of human tissue or, on the other hand, the use of artificial substances to increase the size of the breast.

The first of the two methods involves the removal of excess fat from, say, a woman’s hip-area and the transplanting of it into her breasts. This living fatty tissue literally grows into the tissue of the breast.



'Of course he can't be expected to hit the cigaret every time.'

The second technique widely used involves the placing of some artificial and inert substance under the skin of the breast. Such "augmentation mammoplasty" operations are performed as follows:

1. An incision between one and two inches long as made in the lower fold of the breast.

2. An inert plastic foam substance is then inserted into the "pocket" produced by the incision. The substance is resilient, a material very like nylon which has been thoroughly impregnated with penicillin to prevent infection.

The plastic foam enlarges the breast by its own volume.

There is considerable difference of professional opinion over the two techniques. One school holds that the "plastic-foam" method is better because it does not require the removal or transplanting of living tissue, a procedure always fraught with certain risks.

On the other hand, many surgeons refuse to use the plastic-foam technique. They say that the plastic has a tendency to absorb blood and tissue and turn into hard and misshapen lumps which mar and distort the appearance of the breasts. Other surgeons state that the plastic substance may work itself to the surface, and in such an event, it must be removed entirely. This involves yet

another surgical operation and the breast is almost always noticeably scarred afterwards.

Whichever technique they may use, American surgeons change uncouped thousands of 32 A-cup breasts into 36-C's each and every year. The urge and desire to possess large breasts has become little short of a mania and hordes of women with small busts eagerly pay the large fees charged to have their breasts enlarged.

One of Hollywood's most famous—and most bosomy—female stars owes much of her success to "augmentation mammoplasty." Always blonde and beautiful, she was nonetheless flat-chested and consequently unable to obtain roles until she spent \$2,500 to have one of the country's leading plastic surgeons enlarge her breasts. The doctor used the plastic-foam technique and after the operation, the blonde actress's bust measurement was an eye-popping 39½ inches. She shot to stardom in record time.

More than a few other motion picture, stage and TV actresses, models and other women in the entertainment and allied fields have surgery to thank for their large and beautiful breasts. Many model and talent agencies will bluntly recommend augmentation mammoplasty to girls whom they believe to be talented but lacking the requisite bust-development.

The "Plastic Fountain of Youth" can make human beings look younger, and it can make them look more attractive.

ONE FORM of plastic surgery makes real women out of "half-women"—those females who are born without vaginas. In some female children, the vagina is non-existent; they are born with only a tiny dimple or depression where this organ should be.

The operation which corrects this condition is called the "MacIndoe vaginoplasty" after the Scottish surgeon who perfected the surgical techniques now in use.

Vaginoplasties are not nearly as rare as the average layman might think. Many thousands of these operations have been performed successfully throughout the Western World. In a single London hospital, for instance, there were more than 100 MacIndoe vaginoplasties performed in the space of only two years.

After the operation, which results in the creation of vagina, most patients are able to live entirely normal sexual lives. However, if regular intercourse does not take place after a vaginoplasty, the newly-created vagina may decrease noticeably in size.

These, then, are some examples of the surgical wonders which can be obtained at the "Plastic Fountain of

Youth." Understandably enough, the vast majority of those who wish to draw water from the miraculous fountain are women.

Some women want the signs of age which are ravaging their faces eradicated. Others want lumpy or unsightly growths removed or lumpy or unsightly noses straightened and beautified. Yet others are ashamed of their small breasts and want them enlarged. Then, of course, there are those who want to have their ruptured hymens "recreated" so that they can appear to be virgins—or even to have vaginas created where, by some oversight, Nature forgot to create one.

Each year, the world's plastic surgeons—most notably those in the United States, Great Britain, Switzerland and Japan—reap a golden harvest from the "Plastic Fountains of Youth." The total spent on plastic surgery in the United States alone is said to run somewhere in the neighborhood of \$300,000,000 annually!

The vanity of women and their desire to attract young, handsome and eligible men causes many among them to seek the plastic surgeon's aid in getting and holding their men. Such women are willing to submit to almost any kind of operation in the hopes that they will look younger, prettier—and more desirable—as a result.

Consequently, untold numbers of American males are living in a fool's paradise when it comes to their beliefs about the youth and beauty of their wives or girl friends. More than a few of them are married to or going around with women who are at least in part synthetic creatures.

TUB continued

"You're a bastard!"

"Of course not!"

"How about this coffee house business? Does he work in a coffee house?"

"You shut up!"

Luckily, Mr. Cleau showed up with the drinks and she took a sip of hers and said, "God, this is awful," and I said, "That's what you get for ordering a daiquiri in a joint like this." She glared at me while I called him back and complained, and he took the daiquiri away, grumbling, to get it fixed, and when he came back he spilled my bottle of ale, reaching over with his elbow.

"Sorry," he said, grinning crookedly. "It was accidental, you know what I mean?" and I said, sure, but get me another ale, and he went away again.

She smiled then, and said, "Alright, what do you do when you're not painting or working uptown?"

The adorable upturned nose of that little blonde down the street could very easily be a tailored job—one that has been fashioned from a bulbous and ugly proboscis by a skilled surgeon.

The redhead next door? Sure. She has terrific measurements—like 38-26-38 maybe. But Lord only knows about that first 38. The upper-deck may not really be hers at all. She could be a natural 32-26-38, with the missing six inches supplied by plastic-foam that has been crammed into an incision in her breasts.

That delightful doll with the lovely, youthful face may really be only 28—or then again, she may be 38 or even 48. There's no reason why that youthful face can't be a face that looks young because it has been "lifted" surgically.

As for the young husband who is so proud because his wife was a virgin on their wedding night—well, maybe he did have to rupture her hymen. On the other hand, it's not beyond the realm of possibility that the hymen was nothing more than grafted skin—or even a bit of synthetic material, a scrap of plastic, that was made and sewn into place in Delaware, U.S.A. or Tokyo, Japan!

Whatever the truth, the patients will continue to flock to the offices of the plastic surgeons. The medicos have reached a point where they can synthesize youth and create beauty—and so legions of people, particularly women, will continue to beat a path to the doors of their "Plastic Fountains of Youth!"

"I go to a flick or a play once in awhile—saw *The Connection* a couple of weeks ago, and those two plays by Pinter—"

"Oh, damn you," she said. "Now there's nothing left for you to take me to."

"How about Manuie Lucas?" Manuie Lucas was a new sick comic who had just moved into the Village. She said nothing, simply staring at me for a few moments, and then at her glass.

"No, not Manuie Lucas," she finally said.

"It's him, isn't it?" I said. "The coffee houses."

She nodded, slowly. "Why did you have to mention him?"

"He's at The Bitter End, ironically enough."

"That's why I hate coffee houses," she said. "Every one I go in. As soon as a young comic trots out it's Manuie, and there I am getting sobby and sipping espresso."

"You've been in love with him a

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'Qualifications? Well, I truly like sex.'

long time?"

"I've been in love with him for years—even when I was married to my ex-husband—but Mannie doesn't know I exist anymore. Yes, everytime I see a young comic it's Mannie and it's my material."

"You wrote his material?"

"I wrote his material when we were kids in Bensonhurst."

"You grew up in Brooklyn."

"In Williamsburg."

"Wild country."

"Not so tough," she said. "A lot of respectable people. My people. Others. Still, a bunch of us kids wanted out, so we got together and moved away to Bensonhurst after high school and that's where I met Mannie. We went together for five or six years and in all that time we never balled."

"You never balled together?"

"He was balling everything in South Brooklyn, but he never balled me, and I never found out he was balling other girls until about the fifth year."

"That seems a little hard to understand."

"Well, it's true. When I found out I flipped. I mean, not like you did, but throwing things at him and yelling and screaming, and that was the end of us, but I still love him."

"You never balled anybody in that time?"

"One guy," she said, very directly. "I balled my husband. Or my future husband."

"What was he like?"

"An actor, a little fat schnook who

dragged on a pipe all day."

"You were in love with this guy?"

"We balled very well together, and I thought he was a nice guy, and I married him when it was all over with Mannie and me. And he is a nice guy, my ex-husband. I still like him very much, but the bastard owes me alimony for two months now, and that's why I'm looking for him. And by the way, when I came around that corner and saw you yawning I smiled at you because that's what I'd been doing all evening—yawning—and not because I especially wanted to ball with somebody."

"How do you feel about it now?"

"About balling?"

"About balling with me."

"Not till we get to know each other better."

So we began. We talked about the theatre for awhile; she told me about *Godot*, which I had never seen, and I mentioned that I had read *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?* the other night, and she said, "Oh, I saw it last Friday."

"How did you like it?" I said.

"I liked it, I didn't love it, but there was this couple in front of us, a couple of squares in front of me and my date, and after the second act, the wife said to guy, 'Do you really think people act so terribly?' and the guy said, 'Of course not,' and the guy was very mad, but they stayed till the end."

"That reminds me of the time I came out of Mr. Roberts and ran into

an older couple I knew—the guy had been a Commander in the Navy—and he was sore as hell, too."

"Sore as hell at what?"

"You didn't see Mr. Roberts?"

"No."

"He was sore as hell that his precious Navy had been portrayed in such—well, so facetiously. It was a very funny play, but it didn't flinch one bit from the truth, anymore, I suppose, than *Virginia Woolf* flinches from it."

"Then you think people act that way?"

"Some people. Not the majority, thank heavens." We ordered another pair of drinks and talked some more. When we had finished, I said, "Well, shall we go shopping?" We got up and Mr. Clean grunted at his tip but said goodnight anyway. Her delicatessen was closed by this time, so we went back to where they cheated and I got my things and bought her a box of cookies, which was all she wanted. When we were outside I explained to her that this delicatessen could afford to cheat, staying open as late as it did. Then I asked her if she'd like to come back to my place.

"We don't know each other well enough yet."

"We don't have to go to bed. We can just talk. Or I have a television. We can watch a late movie and hold hands." When we got to my apartment I poured her a sherry while she did some examining. "You like my paintings?" I said.

"Sure," she said, "but the best thing about this place is the tub."

"The tub?"

"I don't have a tub. I have a big laundry sink I rigged a shower over."

"That's not enough for a girl," I said. She loosened her coat and I helped her off with it. "Every girl should have a tub. Would you like to take a bath?"

"Do I smell?"

I laughed. "You smell good."

"Not tonight," she said. "Ask me tomorrow." The only comfortable piece of furniture in my pad—besides the bed in the bedroom—is a Castro, so we both sat down on it. "Turn on the television," she said, and I went over and switched on a late movie and we sat sipping and watching for a few minutes. When the commercial came, I said, "This is no good," and got up again and switched it off. The bed next door started to thump against the wall.

"Is that what I think it is?" she said.

"Yes."

"That's awful."

"They're in love."

"I don't mean that. I mean hearing

it next door."

I took her hand. "I get a kick out of it."

"It gives me the creeps."

"Relax," I said, putting an arm around her. We kissed, long and wet and soft, and then she started to wriggle. "I'm uncomfortable." I was surprised, never having heard a girl complain about comfort when she was being kissed. "I've had a slipped disc," and she pulled away and sat forward, so I ran my hand under her velvet jumper and began to massage her slowly, up and down, fore and aft. It was beginning to work; she leaned back against her end of the couch and swung her legs up over my knees. "Ah, that's better," she said. I toyed with her ankles—she had taken her boots off—and began walking my fingers up her leg, but when I got too high she pulled up her knees and said, "Don't do that."

I began to feel uncomfortable for the first time during the evening. I moved out from under her legs and pulled the newspaper over to me. I fished through it and came to the entertainment page. The name *Mannie Lucas* caught my eye in one of the columns. He had gotten married.

"What's new?" she said.

"Nothing." I tried to turn the page but she leaned forward and snatched it away from me. She read the piece, her hands trembling.

"He did it," she said bitterly. "He finally married the bitch."

She began to weep softly, then, and I said, "But at least you knew about it, Lee; it could have been a lot worse if you hadn't known."

"He's been balling her for years, too," she sobbed. I gave her a handkerchief and when she was finished crying she said, "You're a nice guy, Flip."

I felt a rush of tenderness toward her, and I said, "You want to sleep here?" but she said my *Castro* was too soft for her back. So I went and got her coat and helped her on with her boots, and I told her I'd walk her home. When we got out in the street it was five o'clock and there was no

sign of anything except a patrol car, which slowed when it came to us. The cops eyed us suspiciously.

We crossed Sixth and walked down Bedford past *Carminie* and *Downing*; her place was just around the corner on Seventh. There was something in her mailbox in the vestibule; she opened it and took out a letter and when she saw the handwriting she said, "Oh, my God!"

"What?"

"It's from Louis."

"Who's Louis?"

Her eyes had lighted up and she was ripping it open. "My husband. My ex-husband." She pulled out a check and a note. "Look! Money!"

"Great. What does he say?"

She read the note. "Oh, Jesus, he wants me to come back, the son of a bitch, probably because it would be cheaper supporting me at home." She tore the note up and put the check in her purse. I started to say good-night to her, but she said, "Come on upstairs and I'll show you my tub."

So I followed her up, in spite of my being tired and fairly uninterested at this stage of the game. She had two ridiculously small rooms, one of which had a small narrow cot, and a big kitchen where the laundry tub was. She pulled a makeshift curtain aside and showed me the shower contraption. "Very ingenious," I said.

"It's a pain, believe me." I helped her off with her coat and went to the door. "I'll call you tomorrow. You're in the book?"

"Flip?" she said. She looked very pale and unhappy and her hair was a mess; I took her by the shoulders. "No, Flip, I'm going to bed alone tonight, I'm going in and lie down on that hard narrow couch in there so my back will feel better in the morning."

"I can make your back feel better in the morning," I said, holding her at the small of the back and massaging where it hurt.

"No."

"Sure cure."

"Go home."

"Alright." I went to the door again,

and she followed, and kissed me lightly on the cheek. "Did you ever take a bath . . . together?"

"Not since I was a kid with my brother," I said.

"We'll take a bath together." She clung to my arm for a moment. "Tomorrow."

"Tomorrow," I said, and left.

I'M RINGING *Lee Ross* again, for the sixteenth time. My God, someone's picking up—"

"Hello?"

It's a guy. I'm tempted to hang up, but I say, "Is Lee there?" and he says, "Yeah, she's here, who are you?"

Still annoyed, I stupidly tell him my name.

"Well, Frank," he says, "I hope you ain't no big boy friend of hers, because this is Detective Hegan, Sixth Precinct, and got bad news for you, Frank: *Lee Ross* is dead."

"She's dead," I say dumbly.

"She committed suicide in the tub."

You know the tub I mean?"

"Yeah, I know the tub."

"The big laundry tub with the crazy shower—"

"Yeah, yeah, Detective, I know."

"Well, she slashed her wrists in this here tub."

"That's some tub to slash your wrists in," somebody, not me, says at my end of the phone.

"Ain't it though!" Hegan says. "And, wow, to take a bath in."

"Detective?"

"Yeah?"

"Did she leave any notes?" (Isn't that what you're supposed to say?)

"She left a note for a 'Louis.' I can't tell you what was in it, only that she told Louis what he could do with his money."

"I understand. Is there anything I can do?" I say.

"No, she's got a brother. It's all been done," Hegan says. "And I'm sorry, Frank. A beautiful girl."

"Thanks, Detective."

"Don't mention it." ♦ ♦ ♦

SUPPER continued

No matter how quiet, well-trained, seraphic of face or courteous, no child belongs at a cocktail party. The guests who cannot get a babysitter will just have to stay home. Similarly, it's wise to exclude the family pets. Dogs are usually large enough to get in everybody's way, and many people are allergic to cat fur.

10. What goes into the Powder Room? In your bachelor establishment, obviously certain feminine essentials

will not normally be on hand, but for the moment of a party, you must be prepared for almost anything.

A clean comb and brush, a small can of hair lacquer, plus bobby pins and hairpins (both for blondes and brunettes) will handle feminine hairdos. A needle and spools of black and white thread, if you like, but a small dish of assorted sizes of safety pins will generally suffice for minor repairs.

A large box of cleansing tissues is absolutely required. Girls usually take their own war paint, but a thoughtful

host will provide small bottles of: cleansing lotion, hand cream, and cologne. Since these items will probably do duty for several parties, you can afford to stock the best quality of *Rubinstein*, *Arden*, *Revlon* and so forth.

For colognes, be smart enough to choose light fragrances! *Arpege*, *Miss Dior*, *Chanel #5* (or better still, #22) are better than a heavy scent, no matter how costly. Remember, the girl who uses a dab will be rejoining the party, which will add to the general miasma

of smoke, sweat and alcohol fumes.

A fresh cake of lightly scented French hand soap is nice. Try Chanel #5, or anything of Roger & Gallet or Guerlain, and again, let your nose be your guide. Paper guest towels can suffice, but make them plain colored or floral patterned. This is not the moment for the risqué cartoon-printed jobs.

Tucked discreetly to one side should be a small box of tampons for the lass

who happens to an accident in the middle of the festivities. If there's an official hostess, you can leave this to her, but otherwise it should be possible for a girl to stopgap without embarrassment.

IN THE FINAL analysis, parties are a lot of work for the host. The more you can get your guests to entertain each other, the more you can relax on the side-

lines—but you must still be masterminding the affair, ready to spring into the breach at any moment. The one thing you cannot do is settle down nor improve your acquaintance with the luscious *femme* accompanying one of your guests. You may, in fact, never get to finish a conversation on any subject with anybody.

But if you really want to enjoy a party—go to someone else's. ♦ ♦ ♦

PLAYGIRLS continued

of Wilma Montesi is still free—even though there are many in Italy who swear that they know who the man and his accomplices are.

"They'll never solve the case," hard-bitten Italian newspapermen say. "Wilma Montesi was killed to shut her up. Some of the top people in the country had their hides saved when she was killed—and they'll continue to make sure that her killer is not punished!"

THE SECOND? Well, it was in October, 1957—only a few months after the defendants in the Montesi case were acquitted in Venice—that the body of Rosemarie Nitribitt was found in her plush apartment in Frankfurt, West Germany.

Rosemarie was an even more successful courtesan than Wilma Montesi. A big, blue-eyed and extremely attractive blonde, she had begun her vice-career as a Frankfurt B-girl when she was only 15.

Within a few years, she had reached the top of her oldest profession. Her seven-room apartment was luxuriously furnished—even with priceless Persian carpets that covered the floors. She drove a Mercedes 190SL, and her wardrobe cost a fortune.

Rosemarie's clients were Big Businessmen—and she charged them 1,000 marks (\$250) a trick, three times that sum if they wanted an all-night frolic.

Rosemarie used to drive her Mercedes up and down the Kaiserstrasse, or park in front of the *Frankfurterhof*, the city's finest hotel. The money-heavy industrialists and financiers of the city knew her car—and they knew her. There were always plenty of them ready to pay the staggering prices she demanded.

Why?

"To understand, you would have had to spend a night with her," one of her rich clients told the police after she was murdered.

Rosemarie was killed in her own apartment—strangled with a pair of her own stockings.

Her murder caused a sensation in Germany, for much the same reasons

that Wilma Montesi's slaying had caused a sensation in Italy. The list of Rosemarie's clients—found in her little black book—read like a Who's Who of West German Industry, Finance, Society and Government!

The hue and cry from the West German Press and Public were ear-shattering. But the *polizei* got nowhere.

Fingerprints?

Ach, nein. There were no fingerprints. Whoever had killed Rosemarie had been careful—very careful. No robbery could not have been the motive. There was at least \$35,000 in cash in the apartment—and Rosemarie's jewels and furs were worth at least three times that amount. However, nothing—but nothing—had been touched.

There were rumors. Rosemarie, it was whispered, had decided to make a king-sized killing of her own and get out of the rackets. She'd hinted around that she would do some fast and furious talking if she didn't get paid off.

What could she talk about?

She could have blackmailed the men with whom she'd slept. But that wasn't it. No, Rosemarie had stumbled onto something much, much bigger than most people dreamed.

In those days, the Algerian rebels were fighting a no-quarter war against the French. The Algerians—and a lot of other rebels in other places around the world—were getting their arms and ammunition from West German war plants. These factories were turning out the guns and shells secretly.

Some of Rosemarie's clients owned such factories—and they had bragged to her about the immense profits they were making through their clandestine munitions dealings.

This, the rumors sweeping Frankfurt and West Germany had it, was the information Rosemarie threatened to spill if she didn't get her payoff. And this was information that could not be allowed to get out. The illicit arms trading involved names—Big Names, the very Biggest in fact.

And this, according to many—highly-regarded journalists among them—was the reason Rosemarie Nitribitt was

strangled with her stockings. She was killed to provide insurance for men whose careers and reputations would be ruined—and who might well go to prison—if the truth became known. And, what was more, Rosemarie had to be silenced to prevent a serious international incident. If the French found out that West Germany was supplying the Algerian rebels . . .

Of course, the French did find out—but that was later, much later. The story of the West German munitions shipments finally came out—but by the time that it did, the entire climate of opinion had changed in France. The Algerian War was just about over; the French had decided to pull out, and they were content to let bygones be bygones.

In 1960, three years after Rosemarie was killed, a sometime salesman named Hans Pohlmann was arrested and tried for her murder. The trial was never taken seriously by anyone. Most newspapers openly predicted an acquittal before it even began.

"A futile attempt to show that the police and judicial authorities aren't asleep," was one editorial writer's comment.

All that the prosecution could offer as "evidence" was that Pohlmann had been on Rosemarie's free-list, that he had been her fancy-man. That was the sum of it. There was nothing to connect him with the crime—and so Pohlmann was released as had been predicted.

Rosemarie Nitribitt's killer is also still at large.

UNSOLVED PLAYGIRL Mystery Number Three is, perhaps, the strangest and most bizarre of the lot. It took place in November, 1959, in The Hague, Holland.

It was there that another strangler—one who used his bare and powerful hands—killed a lovely and shapely courtesan who was known only as "Blonde Dolly."

Police who found her contorted body in the sumptuous apartment Blonde Dolly leased in an exclusive neighborhood saw that she had been a woman who lived in fear. There were several



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'Would you believe that Miss Bigelow lost her contact lens, and we're looking for it?'

locks and bolts on the apartment door. There was a burglar alarm switch just above the bed on which she lay—unfortunately, she had not been able to get to it when her strangler crushed the life from her throat.

Like Rosemarie Nitribitt, Blonde Dolly kept a large sum of cash—more than \$10,000—in her apartment. None of the money had been touched, and all the girl's furs and jewelry appeared to be where they belonged.

Blonde Dolly had a notebook, too—and it, like the notebooks of all high-priced playgirls, listed the names of extremely wealthy and influential men.

But no one came forward to claim the girl's corpse—and it lay in the morgue for several weeks. It wasn't until mid-December that the police learned the fact that would shock all Holland.

Mrs. Sybilla Niemans, a wealthy, leading Society woman of The Hague, was reported missing. Mrs. Niemans, who had been presented at the Dutch Court and served on the committees of several of Queen Wilhelmina's favorite charities, owned a large number of office buildings and apartment houses in The Hague. She was very well known throughout the city for her charitable works—and for her beauty.

No police officer in his right mind would have connected the missing Sybilla Niemans with the dead courtesan Blonde Dolly. But finally, someone did compare the descriptions of the two women—and they proved to be one and the same!

Although Blonde Dolly was now positively identified as Sybilla Niemans, this only served to deepen the mystery. For it was learned that Sybilla Niemans had also, on occasion, played another role—that of "Dark Molly," a strident-voiced, street-walking whore who picked up the roughest trade in the worst sections of the city.

Psychiatrists have spent much effort trying to understand the strange personality splits that must have taken place in Sybilla Niemans. They are convinced that these splits were genuine—and cite the famous book, "The Three Faces of Eve," as a parallel.

Police trying to trace down the girl's movements in her different personalities ran into dead-ends. They checked on her history; here they had more luck.

Sybilla Niemans had been born to a poor family in The Hague. While still a child, her mother was sent to an insane asylum. Her father found himself another woman and, since he didn't want the youngster underfoot, packed her off to an orphanage. Then World War II began, and the Germans occupied Holland; Sybilla was then 13.

The Nazis ordered the orphanage closed. Sybilla wandered about. She was raped at 14. She worked for a time as a seamstress. Then she fell into the hands of a "fortune-teller" who forced her to work as a prostitute.

In 1949, Sybilla met a successful artist and married him. The marriage

lasted less than a year—ending in divorce. She returned to The Hague. Suddenly, she had money—a great deal of money. No one, least of all her ex-husband, has any idea where it came from.

Sybilla became a high-fashion model. Although she earned good money, it was not enough to account for the vast sums she had at her disposal for buying office buildings, apartment houses and businesses—which she started buying in the early 1950s.

Apparently it was about this time that her personality-splits first manifested themselves. Sybilla Niemans often went away "on business and shopping trips" to Paris and other cities. She was gone for a few days at a time—and it was during these times that she quite literally became Blonde Dolly or Dark Molly.

Oddly enough, many of the men who romped with Blonde Dolly moved in the same social circles as Sybilla Niemans. Yet none ever recognized her.

Some have argued that she changed her hair style and makeup. Psychiatrists, Holland's Dr. Peter Maarijn, among them, have a different view.

"Her changes in personality were doubtless so deep that they had the effect of causing changes in her facial appearance and expressions and her mannerisms and speech," Dr. Maarijn declares. Many of his colleagues who have studied the case agree.

In any event, there is a very great deal still unexplained—and inexplicable—about the case of Sybilla Niemans. Of course, the greatest mystery in the tangled web of bizarre enigmas is who killed her—and why?

One school of thought holds that Sybilla was a blackmailer on a gigantic scale. According to this theory, she had known many Nazis and Dutch collaborationists while she was a common prostitute during the war. Some of these men were still wanted as war criminals, but had changed their names and otherwise managed to avoid detection.

Many people—including at least one high-ranking Dutch police official—believe that she tracked these men down and threatened to reveal their real identities if they did not pay her.

Yet another version seeks to tie Sybilla's murder to that of Rosemarie Nitribitt. The basis for this view is that no less than eight of the names in "Blonde Dolly's" notebook were those of men who had also been listed in Rosemarie's little black book. Although there is nothing to indicate the two women knew each other personally, it is often suggested that both were killed by the same executioner.

Of course, these are only theories. Sy-billa's killer has never been found.

THE UNSOLVED Playgirl Murders come full circle with the latest one on the list. The murder scene shifts back to Rome, Italy—where, on May 2, 1963, 22-year-old Christa Wanninger was stabbed to death.

Christa was German. She came to Rome from her native Munich when she was 18. Christa knew what she wanted. She started out by modelling in the nude—and throwing in a little lun and frolic with her posing. She was pretty, well built and had no inhibitions. She quickly began to climb the sexless ladder on Rome's wild Dolce Vita circuit.

Christa played for pay with motion picture producers, film stars, businessmen—with wealthy and prominent men of all nationalities who lived, worked or visited in Rome. She seemed to be prospering.

Then, in 1961, she went to Venice, Italy, where she stayed at the city's most expensive hotel. One night, she was seen talking to a man in the lobby. When he left, she went upstairs and tried to commit suicide. Why? No one could ever find out. Christa refused to provide any information after emergency treatment saved her life. The man with whom she had been seen talking was never identified.

A few months later, Christa became the mistress of one of Italy's richest and most influential men. He was evidently infatuated with the lovely German girl. He frequently placed his private two-engine airplane and its crew at her disposal. She used the plane often to make unexplained—and rather mysterious—trips to various European cities.

In March, 1963, the plane picked her up in Rome and took her to Zurich, where her rich lover was waiting for her. Soon thereafter, she flew to Rome, then back to Zurich. From there, she flew to Munich and, on April 13, 1963, returned to Italy.

Three days later, she showed up in Rome. Here the story takes another of the many weird turns to be found in all four playgirl murder-cases. Christa Wanninger, the money-spinning play-doll and mistress of a multimillionaire, went to a fifth-rate hotel and rented a bed in a curtained-off alcove.

A few days later, she met her closest girl-friend and onetime apartment-mate, Gelda Hodapp, another expatriate German girl who made good on the Via Veneto sex circuit. Christa asked Gelda to pay back \$1,300 she had borrowed some months before. Gelda

said she couldn't; she didn't have the money at the moment.

Evidently, Christa was not overly disturbed by this. On May 1, she went to a nightclub with Gelda and an Italian film producer named Iasiello. They parted at 1:30 in the morning, and Christa went to spend the night with Angelo Galassi, a husky and handsome young man who had long been on her free-list.

The next afternoon at about 2:25 p.m., Christa Wanninger telephoned her friend Gelda Hodapp at the latter's apartment to say that she was coming right over. Gelda later admitted that she had received the call.

Christa arrived at Gelda's apartment house at 2:30—about five minutes after making the call. The female porter saw her enter and take the elevator up to Gelda's fourth-floor apartment. About fifteen minutes later, residents of the building—and, indeed, people living almost a block away—heard a series of car-splitting, blood-curdling screams.

A few moments later, a man in a blue suit walked calmly down the stairs of the apartment house and went through the lobby to the street. The female porter and two men saw him

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Someone finally got around to checking on the screams. Another tenant in the building found Christa Wanninger lying dead in a great pool of blood just outside Gelda Hodapp's closed apartment door. Christa had been stabbed more than a dozen times.

The police were called. They battered on Gelda Hodapp's door until she finally opened it. She claimed that she had heard nothing—that she had fallen asleep and had not heard a sound.

That's her story—and she's still sticking to it.

And that's about all that the police have been able to find out.

Oh, yes. There's one other fact. In Christa's purse, police found a—yes, you've guessed it, a little black book containing the names of more than 140 men. Some of them were men whose names had come up during the Wilma Montesi case. At least three are the names of German industrial-

ists who had been among Rosemarie Nitribitt's clients!

These are, perhaps, coincidences which mean nothing. On the other hand . . .

It has been whispered that Christa Wanninger might have been a courier for a dope ring, a gun-running syndicate or a white-slavery gang. This, some have argued, would explain her many and mysterious flights between various European cities.

So far, no one has grilled her multi-millionaire lover—and it's doubtful that anyone ever will. He's just a shade too rich and too influential.

Gelda Hodapp clings tenaciously to her story that she fell asleep immediately after she talked to Christa on the telephone.

"When I sleep, nothing can wake me," she's said over and over to police and reporters. "If you don't believe it, just ask anyone who's ever slept with me."

Christa Wanninger's murder is also

still unsolved.

These, then, are the four great European playgirl murder mysteries. It is not difficult to find many parallels and similarities when one studies and compares them. Each—and all—raise many of the same questions for which there seem to be no answers.

Did these high-priced tarts have connections with international criminal syndicates? Did they threaten to talk—or were they blackmailing the wrong people?

One could list such questions *ad infinitum*—but they'd still add up to the same brain-buster.

Who killed Rosemarie's four most notorious play-for-pay girls—and why?

The chances are a hell of a lot better than six, two and even that the murders of Wilma Montesi, Rosemarie Nitribitt, Sybilla Niemans and Christa Wanninger will never be solved.

The people who do know the answers aren't about to talk. They can't afford to say a word . . . ♦ ♦ ♦

ARAB BRIDES continued

One of them, Sheik Suleiman bin Hamid al Khalil, gave me an exceptionally large order. In the course of our conversations, he'd mentioned—half-jokingly, I thought at first—that he would like to add a young European bride to his harem.

"I have married and divorced a total of 27 wives—and I have three now," he told me. "But I have never had a Western wife—and the thought of having one excites and intrigues me . . ."

I'd already learned that Western wives had become the ultimate in status-symbols among the oil-rich sheiks of the Middle East, but I was hardly prepared for the request Sheik Suleiman made of me during our last meeting.

"When you return to England, try and find me an 18 or 19 year old bride," he asked. "I shall settle 20,000 pounds (\$56,000) on her when she marries me . . ."

I got back to London and took the first of my advertisements—more for laughs than for any other reason. I was astounded at the response it drew and, to make a long story short, I got Sheik Suleiman his bride. She was Pamela Bates, a lovely, taffy-haired girl of 18, who married Suleiman, was divorced by him 14 months later and returned to London to enjoy her wealth.

My biggest surprise, however, came when Sheik Suleiman sent me 2,000 pounds—\$5,600—which, he insisted, was due to me as my fee. He also recommended me very highly to some of his fellow-sheiks, and I was swamped with

requests for Western brides. The opportunity was too good to miss—and I quit my job and went into the bride-buying business on a full time basis.

I made money right from the start, but my biggest fee came in 1958, when I received \$25,000 from Sheik Ismail bin Mohamet of Kuwait. Although Sheik Ismail was then 72, he wanted a young Western bride desperately.

"I will pay \$250,000 for one," he told me in his quavering voice during one of my by-then regular bride-business trips to the Middle East. "She must be young, fresh and beautiful . . ."

"And a virgin?" I asked.

"No, that is not necessary," Sheik Ismail replied. "In fact, I would prefer one who does not need to be taught everything by me . . ."

I found the girl for Sheik Ismail in Geneva, Switzerland. She was a doe-eyed beauty of 19 whose innocent face belied the fact that she was already the mistress of a 56-year-old Swiss industrialist.

Her name was Annette Moreau, and she was of French-Swiss descent. A passionate little voluptuary, she came to my hotel and insisted on proving to me that there was very little she needed to be taught about sex. After spending a night with her, I could recommend her without reservation to my client, Sheik Ismail—but I naturally told him nothing of how I had learned so much about Annette Moreau's qualifications.

"I will please your client, you can be sure of that," Annette declared.

Evidently, she did please Sheik Ismail. He settled the agreed \$250,000

on her and paid my ten percent fee. Annette remained his wife for almost three years—and then, the old sheik became very ill. Annette prevailed upon him to divorce her on his deathbed, and this made her free to return to Switzerland after he died.

A shrewd little schemer, Annette changed her name as soon as she returned to Switzerland. Drawing on the \$250,000 nest-egg she had in a Geneva bank, she began touring the Continent, posing as the orphaned daughter of a wealthy family. She played the role convincingly and, in late 1962, she married an extremely wealthy Belgian businessman of 65. Presumably, she will inherit at least a sizeable portion of his fortune when he dies.

Annette Moreau was exceptional in many ways—but basically, she was no different than any of the thousands of women who have replied to my advertisements in Europe, North and South America. The majority of them are bored with their humdrum existences, tired of working for a living and eager to obtain a large sum of money all in one big, sudden chunk. These are the motives and reasons for responding to the ads—and for offering to marry my Middle Eastern clients who seek Western brides for their harems.

Some—and, it would seem, most—of the brides I have "bought" for my clients fare well in the harems. At least, they manage to accustom themselves to the bizarre social and sexual customs and activities that prevail. Others apparently regret having married their sheiks soon after the wedding cere-

mony—but they somehow manage to stick it out until their husbands weary of them and divorce them.

So far, none of the brides I have bought have caused any real trouble to their husbands. More than half—61 by last count—have given birth to children in harems. Of these, 46 were divorced subsequently by their husbands, and all agreed to leave their children behind when they returned to their own countries.

I suppose the purchased brides realize the basics involved—and accept them. They know what they are getting themselves into—and they understand that they are status-symbols to their Arab husbands, costly baubles to be enjoyed briefly and then sent on their way or, in a manner of speaking, traded off for new models. The money they receive as marriage settlements appears to compensate them fully for

everything.

I've been criticized—and even succeeded in—for being in the bride-buying business. A few times, I have even been called a procurer, a *maquereau*—a pimp.

The two or three men who have said this to me in the last seven years have gotten a fist where it did them the least good. The women—well, hell, what can you do but laugh in their faces? Women who take this view are only trying to regain a shred of self-respect for their sisters—and for their sex as a whole.

After all, every woman instinctively appreciates what I know—that I do not actually “buy” brides for my clients. I merely act as an intermediary, as a broker between the buyers—and the young women who are so very willing and eager to sell themselves to the highest bidder! ♦ ♦ ♦

PLAYBOY continued

care much one way or another. In April, there was talk that Belinda Lee would get a divorce from her husband. She returned from Africa and she and Orsini spent the month of May in a borrowed house in Antibes, on the French Riviera. They were together—but hardly alone. The place crawled with reporters and photographers all eager to snoop and peep.

The next month, J. Arthur Rank—to whom Belinda Lee was under contract—announced that she was being dropped. The scandal that had erupted was just too smelly and too noisy.

With that, Filippo's interest in the beautiful Belinda seemed to wane. By the end of the year, it was all over between them.

Not long thereafter, Prince Orsini wrote the first of his redhot “memoirs.” He told all—and the sizzling installments appeared in the more uninhibited scandal-sheets of Europe and Great Britain. According to reports, publishers paid large sums for the revelations—which purported to tell all the salacious details of the Belinda Lee affair under Orsini's byline.

Prince Filippo continued his playboy whirl. He was a familiar figure in the glossier boites and bistros along the Via Veneto and at many of the Italian capital's Dolce Vita parties. He was seen with many different—and always attractive—women, each of whom he fluffed off after brief periods of time.

In March, 1961, Belinda Lee was killed in an automobile accident outside San Bernardino, California. She was there with Gualtiero Jacopetti, the producer of the sensational Italian film, “*Mondo Cane*,” and her current

flame, Jacopetti was in the car with Belinda and was badly hurt in the accident.

Belinda's body was cremated and her ashes brought back to Rome. Prince Filippo's reaction to the news of her death is not known.

The playboy Prince was getting himself primed for another “kiss-and-tell” romance. This time it was with *Mlle.* Madeleine Lebeau.

Madeleine, the daughter of a wealthy French architect, has achieved great fame in Europe as an incredibly beautiful woman and a remarkably fine actress. What she saw in Filippo—who, though handsome, stands only half an inch taller than she, is developing spare tires along the midriff and has, well, a reputation—is anyone's guess.

That she did see something is for sure. They became virtually inseparable—and she didn't even appear to mind it when Filippo began pulling some of his old familiar stunts.

For example, there was the time that Orsini prevailed upon Madeleine to accompany him on a romantic nocturnal ramble in the countryside. They took their amble and paused for a period to do whatever it was that they did. Then, they walked out of the woods and back to Orsini's car.

Lo and behold—there, waiting for them, were a number of photographers. Strobe lights flared, and the *paparazzi* got some beautiful shots of Filippo and Madeleine—both looking a bit mused and disarrayed.

Filippo swore that he knew nothing about the photos—but the fact remains that the pictures which appeared in the Rome newspapers the next morning definitely and publicly established that Filippo and the lovely *Mlle.* Lebeau

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more than just passing acquaintances. If anyone had been trying to prove a point—it was a good, if not exactly ethical or gentlemanly, way of proving it.

In time, even Madeleine Lebeau wearied of the playboy Prince's antics—and she shook him off her back. Filippo reacted in almost predictable style. First he summoned the press and all the photographers he could find to his apartment—a comparatively modest layout to which he removed himself after his separation from his wife. There, bare-torsoed, he went through the grotesque bathroom "funeral ceremony" which, he said, commemorated the end

of his romance with Madeleine Lebeau.

Then, he announced he was about to publish some more memoirs—these devoted to piquant revelations about Madeleine Lebeau and his relationship with her.

"I am keeping nothing back. I am laying everything bare!" the Prince was reported as saying as he squatted, stripped to waist, on the edge of his bathtub.

Obviously, the kiss-and-tell playboy Prince is certain that his no-holds-barred memoirs will have a wife sale. Reactions to his announcements have been varied—yet all could be more or less summed up by Madeleine Lebeau's

bitter comment.

"Filippo Orsini is not a gentleman!" There are some who would go considerably further—and one Italian journalist has dubbed Filippo Orsini "The Most Redolent Playboy."

Orsini, the playboy who kisses and then tells all, may be able to argue about that last title. After all, there may be other playboys who are more "redolent" than he.

But about the "not a gentleman" bit—well, he'll have one hell of a tough time countering that! The fact, it would appear, has been established—without the shadow of a doubt!



TRIANGLE continued

ably just a one-shot deal with Henry and when it was over, he could move right back in on Miranda and resume his campaign.

That's what Roger was telling himself that night about the same time that Henry was complimenting Miranda on how good the dinner had been and following her over to the couch for their after dinner liqueurs. "The way to men's parts is through their stomachs," Henry summed up.

"There's nothing like a good meal to make a man groin with delight," Miran-

da agreed.

"There you go making fun again!" "I never make the first move." Miranda looked him straight in the eye.

Henry may have been square, but he wasn't obtuse. He recognized an invitation when he heard one. He took Miranda in his arms and kissed her thoroughly. When they broke apart, he paid homage to the potency of the osculation. "You're quite an armful," he told her.

"From lip to toe," she purred.

"Then gimme some more of your lip," Henry kissed her again.

LATER, MUCH LATER, they snuggled side by side sharing a cigarette. "It was wonderful," she told him. "I guess you know it was the first time for me."

"Well, give a girl enough grope . . ." Henry said.

"Now you did that on purpose!" She laughed. "What I mean is, I'm glad it happened so naturally. I mean, you didn't come on strong like most of these Village Romeos do. They make me sick. They're so damn wolfish. It's all they have on their minds. I swear, they ought to be dsexed, or something."

"Yep." Henry yawned. "Penal re-

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form; that's the answer."

"It was all right, wasn't it?" Miranda asked after a moment. "I mean, I didn't do anything stupid or anything, did I?"

"Everything was perfect. You do rings to me."

"Like wedding rings?" Miranda retorted swiftly.

Henry thought it over a minute. "Yep," he decided. "I think we could be very happy together. But, I hope Roger doesn't take it too badly."

"If he takes it that way, there won't be a thing to worry about."

"Anyway," Henry dismissed Roger, "I guess it's just a case of the best man sinning."

"And after we're married," Miranda promised, "I'll make you sin for your supper every night."

So it came about that Roger was awakened by a Western Union messenger delivering a telegram from Henry and Miranda the next morning. He

tipped the boy, closed the door behind him and ripped open the envelope.

DEAR ROGER, I read, MIRANDA AND I HAVE ELAPSED SO YOU'D BETTER FIND A NEW ROOMMATE STOP HOPE YOU DON'T BIND STOP WE'RE HONEYMOONING IN PALM BEACH STOP WILL CALL YOU AS SOON AS I GET KNACK STOP JEERS FROM ME AND MY KNIFE STOP HENRY.

That did it, Roger told himself bitterly. Nobody could tell him that telegram was the result of Freudian slips. "JEERS FROM ME AND MY KNIFE!" That little fink Henry must have been using those malaprops as a ploy with Miranda all along! Some square, Roger brooded to himself. He'd squared himself right onto Easy Street with a chick that had looks and money to boot. "The Great Unhip" had out-hipped Roger and walked off with all the goodies!

HE WAS STILL brooding early that evening as he stood at a Village bar muttering into his beer.

"Did you say something?"

Roger looked up. There was a marvelous blonde looking at him with a tentative smile on her face. "I'm sorry," she said, "I didn't mean to derail the thought-train. I just thought for a second that you were talking to me."

Roger took a long look at her. "I was gawking to myself," he said deliberately. "But I'd appreciate some company. 'Are you assailable for dinner?'"

"Why, yes... Yes, I am. But I really should go home and change first. Why don't you walk me over and come up for a drink while I slip into something. We'll have time, won't we?"

"Absolutely." Roger assured her, paying the tab and following her out of the bar. "It's still early." He glanced at his watch. "The ripe time," he informed her, "is plenty to sex!" ♦ ♦ ♦

MOVIES continued

scars of its World War II defeat at this late date, and of its hero for being not unconventional enough. Junpei is played with understated control by Keiji Kobayashi, and Hideko Takamine is the fake Hiroshima lady.

—BURT HIRSCHFELD



FASHIONS in jazz come and go, but Count Basie goes on forever. What can anyone say about this great musician that hasn't been said before? Not a hell of a lot, to be sure. So all a reviewer can do is concentrate on the music in his latest LP. It's a Verve release of nine tracks and each one is a gasser. It is also a full program of originals by Quincy Jones, who did the arrangements as well. The title is L'L OL' GROOVEMAKER... BASIE! And that is also the title of

the lead tune on Side One. The others are such quaintly titled bits as "Pleasingly Plump," "Boody Rumble," "Belly Roll," "Nasty Magnus," "Dum Dum," "Lullaby for Jolie," and "Kausas City Wrinkles."

The last-named is the Count at his best, effortlessly ranging over his keyboard in a slow blues. It's the sort of thing he makes look so easy that it drives less-talented pianists to the gas pipe when they try to imitate him.

The title tune is of special interest, since it features Basie playing stride piano, a school he left long ago. But one of the most impressive tracks of all is "Boody Rumble," which has a Latin flavor and gives the full band a tremendous workout.

IF THEY AWARDED prizes for this sort of thing, some genius at Philips label would have to cop the award for the unluckiest title ever tacked onto a jazz album — BACH'S GREATEST HITS. It's no secret that serious students of the idiom have insisted for years that Johann Sebastian was the first jazz man, but this has to be the first time he's broken into the field in anything except conversation.

But this is a most unusual record for yet another reason, because it's a vocal, not an instrumental treatment of a set of the master's fugues and preludes. The artists are Ward Swingle and his French singers. They're accompanied only by a rhyme section. And except for a couple of transpositions of key—and the tempo, of course—the music is done exactly the way Bach wrote it. I doubt this will ever catch on and sweep the country like The

Twist, but this sample of the technique has a lot that will intrigue jazz buffs.

The chorus sings no words, only sounds. And many of the sounds are phrasings out of bygone jazz vocalizing, dooby-do, papa-dah and other syllables utilized over the years by countless scat singers. In this instance, it is all very effective.

I wish I could say the same for another album in the same genre which was released this month, a thing done on Liberty label under the direction of Dave Pell and called JAZZ VOICES IN VIDEO. The program here is a set of tunes which are the themes of various personalities, items like "Thanks for the Memory," "Over the Rainbow," "Melancholy Serenade" and "Holiday for Strings." There is even—you should pardon the expression—Dinah Shore's "See the U.S.A."

Pell is a very capable and imaginative music man, but this one doesn't come off. It's pretentious and tedious.

THE NEW HARRY JAMES album just released by MGM is one of the very best he has cut in the last half dozen years. DOUBLE DIXIE is the title and it employs the band-within-a-band approach as Harry spotlights The Dixieland Five. Matty Matlock did the arrangements, and he also handles clarinet in the combo. The others, besides the leader, are Ray Sims on trombone, Dick Catcart on trumpet and Eddie Miller on tenor sax.

They do nine tunes here, a tasteful mixture of Dixie traditionals and later compositions in which James and Matlock had a hand. Among the best are that great old Earl Hines jump, "My

Monday Date;" Louis Armstrong's too-seldom-heard "Cornet Chop Suey;" Lil Armstrong's "Two Deuces;" and "Squeeze Me," written long ago by Fats Waller and Spencer Williams, and one of Fats' most memorable hits.

"The James Boys" sprang from the pens of James, Matlock and Jack Perciful. This one is the top track of the whole album, a swinger from first groove to last. Harry takes a brilliant solo, as does Eddie Miller on alto. Laying the foundation for it all is a wild tom-tom beat by Buddy Rich.

Altogether it's a great session of wonderfully joyous, uninhibited Dixieland.

JONI JAMES has always been a solid performer who can chant a tune in any beat, although she's best known for her way with a ballad. MGM has just issued a new deck of her stuff called JONI JAMES SINGS SOMETHING FOR THE BOYS. The premise behind the title is that these are tunes Joni picked for GIs around the world who dig her big and begged her to record their favorite songs. It's a cliché titling gimmick, but I've no quarrel with that. What makes me belch is the set of liner notes on the package signed by the female editor of a teenie's magazine. It is customary in writing such lines to praise the artist, but this is ridiculous. This broad makes Joni sound like a mixture of Kate Smith, Sophie Tucker and Joan of Arc. The simple truth of course, is that Joni sounds like Joni James, and that's all she needs. If you buy this record, just listen to the music. Don't read the slush on the back of the jacket. Joni sings up a storm. She sings with a lot of heart, or what some cats like to call "soul." That means she gets a little something extra into her reading of the lyric. The tunes she has picked are tried and true, items like "Moon River," "Don't Cry, Joe," "Yours," "Love Letters in the Sand," "Lili Marlene" and, among those of more recent vintage, "I Left My Heart in San Francisco."

KAI WINDING is a top trombone man who's been on the scene since just before World War II. He has played with all types, ranging from Alvino Rey (Alvino Rey????) to Benny Goodman and Stan Kenton. He has distinguished himself with groups of his own. He now comes up with a Verve album called MORE!, which is the theme from a far-out Italian flicker weirdie, *Mondo Cane*. ("More" is sort of far out, too, but it gets more so the way it's played on this wax which, incidentally, features stellar jazz guitarist Kenny Burrell.

The thing here is "surfin'." Surfin' is like a new kind of sound. Sometimes it sounds like a new beat, but mostly it's just new sound. Winding is the first important musician I've heard doing it. Up to now, only a few Johnny-come-nobodies have been playing and singing the stuff, and it failed to impress these ears.

But one doesn't ignore talents like Winding and Burrell and when they try something new, you listen. So when you analyze surfin', it breaks down to a musical cocktail composed partly of a gently-rocking beat and partly of a Hawaiian-oriented tune. Winding and Burrell give it an added ingredient of almost jazz. The net result, after listening to this stuff for a couple hours, strikes me as a sort of South Sea Island bossa nova.

It's interesting for occasional listening, but so far, I don't get any great message from it.

EDDIE HEYWOOD is a late starter in the bossa nova sweepstakes, but his Liberty debut in that beat, CANADIAN SUNSET BOSSA NOVA, looks like a winner. Eddie has been a jazz name to reckon with ever since the late '30s when he played piano with Benny Carter. After starting his own group, he entered the golden circle with a tremendous hit recording of "Begin the Beguine" done in a pop arrangement, and this is still one of the most requested tunes in his repertoire. As a composer, he carved a solid niche for himself with "Canadian Sunset," "Land of Dreams" and "Tempo Contento," and these three tunes form the backbone of this current disc.

They were not written as bossa novas, of course, but as played here by Heywood, they offer graphic proof that adaptability is a built-in factor of tunes written with true musicianship. Everything Eddie plays has the mark of distinction and old standards come on with a freshness that makes them sound new. Anyone over twenty must have heard "Begin the Beguine" played a few thousand times, and in almost as many treatments. Yet Eddie's version—both his big hit record in the '40s and his current bossa nova approach—is like nothing you've heard before.

He also puts the Brazilian stamp on "St. Louis Blues," "Night and Day," "So In Love," "Summertime" and "You'd Be So Nice to Come Home To." Tab this one as one of the best bossa nova albums of the year.

AS A RULE, comedy albums make an impression on me like blah. Occasionally one comes along that proves there's always the exception. Such a record is Kay Stevens doing NOT SO GREAT

SONGS THAT SHE'S LEFT OUT OF GREAT MOVIES FOR OBVIOUS REASONS. When you see this gal in person, you get an added dimension, the contrast of a beautiful doll doing material that is touched with comic lunacy. Credit for the creation of this material is given on her Liberty waxing to Paul Francis Webster, who wrote the lyrics, and Hal Borne, who wrote the music.

But without the inspired delivery of Kay Stevens, I suspect it would all be chopped liver. This is a hysterically funny girl who milks her material for every last ounce of humor, and then some. Have a sampling of the songs (?) she sings: "Freud" (and his electric couch); "Sodom and Gomorrah" (revisited); "The Ugly American" (or, Cranky Yankee Hanky Panky); "Splendor in the Grass" (or, Lawn Parties Can Be Fun); "The Chapman Report Marching Song;" and "Lady Chatterley's Lover" (or, Something Cool in the Hot-House).

Since it's impossible to describe the hilarity contained in these and other zany offerings on this disc, you'll just have to go out and buy the record. A word of warning: Don't play it for your friends in the PTA.

UNLESS YOU were on the scene and conscious about a dozen years ago, you probably don't remember a quintet led by Georgie Auld that set the jazz world on its ear. Besides Georgie on tenor, it had Lou Levy on piano, Frank Rosolino on trombone, Max Bennett on bass and Tiny Kahn on drums.

For this Philips recording session, Auld recreated the quintet, with Leroy Vinnegar substituting for Bennett and Mel Lewis replacing Kahn on drums. The originals were great, but the substitutions are no less so on THE GEORGIE AULD QUINTET PLAYS THE WINNERS.

This is a swinger of a jazz session, one of those inspired dates when everyone was in top form and everything clicked. It's next to impossible to pick a best track, because each one is pure gold. From the top, they do "It's a Good Day," "You're Faded," "Taking a Chance on Love," "I'm Shooting High," "Seven Come Eleven," "You Are My Lucky Star," "Taps Miller," "What's New," "You Came Along from Out of Nowhere," and "I Found a Million Dollar Baby in a Five and Ten Cent Store." The latter sticks in the memory longest, possibly because it ran nearly six minutes and was the last track we listened to. But you'll want to spin this one for several encores, so find your own favorite.

—Mohammed McCarthy

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How many ways does she love you? Let her count the days—and this gift will help her. Seven heavenly, curve-hugging embroidered panties, each one unique in color and motif. How many gals can boast that they came in seven different, delicious colors? The Filigree box can be used as a jewel case. **\$6.95**



CREDIT CARD CACHE

Once when you flashed a credit card you were in. Now they're common as pennies. So conceal them in this leather-like case, made of virgin morocco grained vinyl. Memo pad (or extra pockets) and clear view windows for your other items complete this package. **\$1.95**



ICE MOLD CUTIES

Ice tray with 8 molds shaped like gorgeous unclad dolls. Fill with water, freeze, pop out of mold... and build your drinks around solid loveliness. Make your parties the ones that are talked about. If you entertain, you should have plenty of these Ice Nudes. **\$1.95** for a tray of 8 nudes.



MUSICAL LIGHTER

The perfect lighter for the perfect smoker. Plays "Smoke Gets In Your Eyes" every time you strike it. Stops automatically when the tune is over. Handsomely styled, fluted case has gleaming golden finish, is less than one-half inch thick. An outstanding gift for both men and women. The expensive look at an amazingly low price. Gift boxed. **\$4.95**



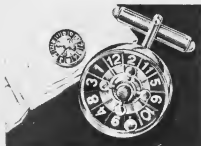
JEWEL OF A TOOL!

This super wrench is home handyman's dream come true! A complete set of socket wrenches combined amazingly into 1 pocket-sized tool. Use it for your auto, aboard boats, for electrical and garden appliances. It fits almost all size nuts and bolts, square or hexagon; $\frac{1}{4}$ " to $\frac{9}{16}$ ". A tempered alloy tool with 1 beam shaped reinforced handle. **\$1.95**



GLOBAL WRISTWATCH

All eyes are drawn to the manly wrist that wears this handsome watch. Swiss-made masterpiece tells the time anywhere in the world! Features shock-protected movement, antimagnetic hairspring sweep second hand, unbreakable mainspring, golden anodized case, luminous dial, genuine leather strap—and comes in a smartly-styled presentation case. **\$14.95**



ROULETTE CUFF LINKS

Here's the ideal way to determine who picks up the tab at your favorite steak house. Spin the wheel on these working gold-plated roulette cuff links and the laser pays. Of course, if your partner is of the softer sex, the stakes can be as high, or low, as your intentions. **\$6.95**



CUSTOM CAR PLATE

Here's an ideal way to give a custom touch to your automobile... this distinctive, solid brass plate is hand engraved with your own name on it. Fits anywhere with its adhesive back and will not damage car finish. Only **\$1.95**



20" BOMBAY TAXI HORN

First used in India in 1900, is still the favorite today. It's unique appearance and strident bell will attract as much attention as any horn made. Nickel on brass; easily installed on your car. **\$14.95**

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They DREW their way from "Rags to Riches"

Now they're helping others do the same

By REX TAYLOR

ALBERT DORNE was a kid of the slums who loved to draw. At 13, he quit school to support his family. But he never gave up his dream of becoming an artist.

Although he was working 12 hours a day, he began to study art at home in his spare time. At 22 he was earning \$500 a week as a commercial artist. Dorne rose higher and higher—until he became probably the most fabulous money maker in the history of advertising art.

Dorne's "rags-to-riches" story is not unique. Norman Rockwell left school when he was 15. Stevan Dohanos, famous cover artist, drove a truck before turning to art. Harold Von Schmidt was an orphan. Robert Fawcett, known as "the illustrators' illustrator," left school at 14. Austin Briggs once lived in a cold-water flat, now has a magnificent contemporary home over 100 feet long.

A plan to help others

In 1946 these men met with six other famous artists—Al Parker, Jon Whitcomb, Fred Luken, Ben Stahl, Peter Helck, and John Atherton.

Dorne outlined to them a plan for sharing their good fortune with others. Dorne pointed out that artists were needed all over the country. And thousands of men and women wanted very much to become artists. What these people needed most was a convenient and effective way to master the trade secrets and professional know-how that the famous artists themselves had learned only by long, successful experience. "Why can't we," asked Dorne, "develop some way to bring this kind of top-drawer art training to anyone with talent... no matter where they live or what their personal schedules may be?"

The idea met with great enthusiasm. In fact, the twelve famous artists quickly buckled down to work—taking time off from their busy careers. Looking for a way to explain drawing techniques to students who would be thousands of miles away, they turned to the modern methods of visual training. They made over 5,000 drawings especially for the school's magnificent home study lessons. And after they had covered the fundamentals of art, each man contributed to the course his own special "hallmark" of greatness. For example, Norman Rockwell devised a simple way to explain characterization and the secrets of color. Jon Whitcomb showed how to draw his



ALBERT DORNE—one of the top money makers in commercial art. From window of his luxurious studio high above New York, Dorne can see the slums where he once lived.

"glamour girls." Dorne showed step-by-step ways to achieve animation and humor.

Finally, the men spent three years working out a revolutionary, new way to correct a student's work. For each drawing the student sent in, he would receive in return a long personal letter of criticism and advice. Along with the letter, on a transparent "overlay," the instructor would actually draw, in detail, his corrections of the student's work. Thus there could be no misunderstanding.

School is launched; students succeed

Thus was born the Famous Artists Schools—whose classrooms are the students' own homes and whose faculty is the most fabulous ever assembled in the history of art teaching. Today the School has thousands of active students in 62 countries. The twelve famous artists who started the school as a labor of love still run it and are fiercely proud of what it has done for its students.

John Buskett is a good example. He was a pipe-fitter's helper with a big gas company until he enrolled in the school. He still works for the same company—but now he is an artist in the advertising department, at a big increase in pay.

Gertrude Vander Poel had never drawn a thing until she enrolled. Now a fashionable New York Gallery exhibits and sells her paintings.

Don Golemba of Detroit stepped up from railroad worker to the styling department of a big automobile company—by showing his work with the School. Now he helps design new car models.

A great-grandmother in Ohio decided to study painting in her spare time. Recently, she had her first "show," where she sold thirty water colors and five oil paintings.

Eric Ericson worked in a garage while he studied art at night. Today he is a successful advertising artist, earns seven times as much... and is having a new home built for his family.

"Where are tomorrow's artists?"

Dorne is not surprised at all by the success of his students. "Opportunities open to trained artists today are enormous," he says. "We continually get calls and letters from art buyers. They ask us for practical, well-trained students—not geniuses—who can step into full-time or part-time jobs."

"I'm firmly convinced," Dorne goes on, "that many men and women are missing an exciting career in art simply because they hesitate to think that they have talent. Many of them do have talent. These are the people we want to train for success in art... if we can only find them."

Unique art talent test

To discover people with talent worth developing, the twelve famous artists created a remarkable, revealing 12-page Talent Test. Originally they charged \$1 for the test. But now the school offers it free and grades it free. Men and women who reveal natural talent through the test are eligible for training by the school.

Would you like to know if you have hidden art talent? Simply mail coupon below. The Famous Artists Talent Test will be sent to you without cost or obligation.

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NORMAN ROCKWELL—this best-loved American artist left school at 15.

